

VOL.2 NO.24

# strangled

85p

Hugh talks to Tears  
For Fears

J J Burnel Interview

Nice in Nice  
Video Pics





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**Please include a stamped addressed envelope with all enquiries**

# EDIT

## Record and Video News

You will know by now that *Nice In Nice* was released on 11 August (Cat No. EPC 650055) and we now think the long awaited album *Dreamtime* (Cat No. EPC 26648) will be released about the last week in October. We do have the track listing now which is as follows:

SIDE 1  
*Always The Sun*  
*Dreamtime*  
*Was It You*  
*You'll Always Reap What You Sow*  
*Ghost Train*  
SIDE 2  
*Nice In Nice*  
*Big In America*  
*Shakin' Like A Leaf*  
*Mayan Skies*  
*Too Precious*

*Dreamtime* will also be released on compact disc (Cat No. CD 26648) and cassette (Cat No. 40 26648).

The next single will be *Always The Sun/Norman Normal* (Cat No. EPC 650130). No final release date set at time of going to print. The 12" version will feature the 'Hot Mix' of *Always The Sun, Norman Normal* and a live version of *Souls*, recorded at the Palais des Sports, Orleans, on 28 April 1985.

This autumn sees an unusual glut of Strangler offerings with yet another album from EMI, *Off The Beaten Track* (Cat No. LBG 5001 and cassette TCLBG 5001) which will be released around 8 September. The track listing is as follows:

SIDE 1  
*Go Buddy Go*  
*Top Secret*  
*Old Codger*  
*Maninwhite*  
*Rok It To The Moon*  
*Love 30*  
*Shut Up*  
SIDE 2  
*Walk On By* (longest version)  
*Vietnamica*  
*Mean To Me*  
*Cruel Garden*  
*Yellowcake UF6*  
*5 Minutes*

On the video front, CBS plan to release a collection called *Screentime* at the end of October on the CBS/Fox label. Track listing as follows:

*European Female*  
*Midnight Summer Dream*

*All Roads Lead To Rome*  
*Skin Deep*  
*No Mercy*  
*Nice In Nice*  
*Always The Sun*

## Live Album

For those who have written to enquire if a live album is in prospect — No, none planned just yet but CBS are aware that there is some demand for live tracks and have agreed to release more on future 12" single releases as they did with *Nice In Nice* and plan to do with *Always The Sun*.

## Live Dates

More dates have been announced for the autumn tour and are as follows:

OCTOBER  
23 ABERDEEN Capitol  
24 EDINBURGH Playhouse  
26 NEWCASTLE City Hall  
27 MANCHESTER Apollo  
28 NOTTINGHAM Royal Court Theatre  
29 BIRMINGHAM Odeon  
30 SHEFFIELD City Hall

NOVEMBER  
1 GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre  
2 OXFORD Apollo  
3 WEMBLEY Arena  
4 BRIGHTON Conference Centre

## Dino Info

For those of you who've been just dying for news of that infamous Stranglers' 'minder' Dino, here's the latest.

As those in-the-know will know, the band recently played a one-off gig in Poland, much to the delight of Polish fans and following the gig the band returned to their hotel, a Western-style affair for tourists with valuable currency burning holes in their pockets. One of the many delights on offer in these salubrious surroundings was a nightclub. Having got off to a good start on a serious night's drinking, Dino wandered out of the bar towards the nightclub entrance. He was challenged at the door by the midget-sized Polish bouncer who refused to let him in, despite countless notices about the hotel urging the patrons to breeze along to this high spot of Warsaw nightlife. After a period of mainly polite pleading, still to no avail, a well dressed couple approached and were immediately admitted, much to Dino's disgust! Undeterred, he changed tactics and started becoming more vocal and more like the Dino we've all come to

know, if not love, and when the little Pole *still* refused to let him in, Dino picked him up and threatened him with all sorts of things too horrible to mention here!

Now one may well imagine that behaviour like this would have earned him at least a spell in a salt mine, but far from it. With the kind of determination that won us the Empire (and probably lost it as well), Dino ventured in search of allies, namely the hotel manager and a well-armed policeman. This resulted in the mini-Dinoski being carted away by the long arm of the law whilst the larger than life version finally got to see Polish cabaret at its very best (yawn)! Sounds riveting, doesn't it?

A slightly more poignant tale is that Dino has since been involved in a car accident whilst under the influence of alcohol which may well result in him losing his licence, even if his counsel pleads for clemency on account of his gout! Resting a case on a plea of 'It was me pills yer 'onour' (à la *Dino Rap*) was probably unprecedented in legal history when Dino used it successfully in Liverpool last year (see *strangled* 21, page 14)! So it's unlikely that Dino will be working for the Stranglers again for some time to come! They'll surely miss him!

NICHOLA STILL

## Subscriptions!

We've had letters from a few people who tell us they have spent more than the cost of *strangled* in travelling around in search of a shop that stocks it. We would point out that the smart guys subscribe, and although the cash saving is small, there are other advantages. Copies are mailed immediately they leave the presses.

Occasionally, we mail out additional information to subscribers that reaches us too early or late to be included in the current edition of *strangled*, on tour dates, live appearances arranged at short notice, and new and rare record releases. Information about JJ and his team's plans to snatch a trophy at this year's bath tub races in the south of France first appeared in this way and, sometimes, coach trips to see the band in Europe have to be organised via a special newsletter to subscribers because of short notice.

**GO ON, SUBSCRIBE — YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE**



# O R I A L

## New Merchandise

Unfortunately we have now sold out of **Aural Sculpture** car stickers, **La Folie** sheet music and **Aural Sculpture** posters. Also gone are black bath sheets, but... we now bring you black embroidered hand towels!! The hand towels, 48 x 90cm, are of the same quality and make as our bath towels and sheets so all you bathers-in-black can add to your collection. Soon to follow is black soap and toothpaste (only kidding — no orders, please!).

**Skin Deep** t-shirts have given way to the more current **Always The Sun** shirts, which are printed in red, white and gold on a black shirt.



ALWAYS THE SUN

Also included on the current order form is the **My Young Dreams** single, in picture sleeve. For those of you with short memories, this song was written by the Stranglers in 1976 and has been recorded by A Marriage Of Convenience, featuring Jet Black on drums and production.

Later this year **Dreamtime** promo posters, shirts and badges will be available. For details of this merchandise as soon as it is available, please send us a sae marked *new merchandise*.

## Greenfly

Readers will be pleased to hear that Dave has now passed his flying test and holds a pilot's licence. We hope that his flying will be better than Dino's driving!

## Stranglers France Service

The March issue of *Black & White* magazine is available from SIS for £2.20. The interview appearing in this issue is in French and the magazine folds out to a JJ poster.

## Weekend in Warsaw

Poland is a communist country with no communists. In fact, communism is so detested that an alternative society has been created which is far more efficient than the official one and in fact has become absolutely necessary and indeed part of the natural order of things. This alternative society exists within the Roman Catholic church in Poland and through the black market economy without which life would grind to a halt and just be plain unbearable. In fact, I was told on numerous occasions that communism is schizo-phrenic. You have to live on two levels all the time; official and alternative or underground. Let me explain.

At the beginning of the summer of '86 the Stranglers were invited to Poland to do a TV show in Gdansk. We were to play for forty-five minutes, well, we were supposed to mime for forty-five and Hugh's microphone would be switched on between the numbers so that he could speak as if it were a real concert. This novel offer appealed to us in some kind of perverse way. It was the first time anyone had asked us to mime for a whole concert, albeit a shortened one, and it was an opportunity to get to Poland. In 1981 we had planned a tour of Poland which was cancelled due to the troubles, so we jumped at the opportunity this time. By the time we got off the Lot Airlines flight at Warsaw our party had already lost two suitcases. We were met by the promoter for the TV company, an American. He explained that they preferred him to arrange such trips and since he was based in Germany he came over to Poland regularly. For some reason the venue was changed to a town called Lodz, pronounced 'Woodee'. It was a shame because Gdansk is the main town for the alternative music scene — that is, all the music that can't be recorded. In fact, Gdansk is supposed to be the most happening town in Poland. It's not a coincidence that Solidarity was based there. Most of the people who escaped during the troubles were seamen from Gdansk jumping ship in foreign ports. Very few bands get records released because there are only two record labels; one official state label and one private label that deals in dollars. Ah yes, that's another thing. There are zlotys (Polish currency) and there is hard currency, what they sometimes refer to as 'real money'. This is because Eastern

bloc currencies have no value in the West as they do all their international transactions in hard currency, usually dollars, and therefore they'll do anything to get their hands on it. For instance, the official rate for £1 sterling is 250 zlotys, but on the black market you'll get four times as much for it.

So we did the TV show in a sports stadium. Quite a few soldiers, quite a few people in black. One kid asked me to sign a few albums. How did you get hold of these? We're not released in Poland. Black market. The gig went well, although Hugh did tell a bad joke. Jet did *not* trash his kit and I did *not* moon, as has been printed in some papers. In fact, the lead singer of one Polish band who did expose himself two months ago is still languishing in prison.

The evening spent in Lodz was a sad affair. Poland is a sad country. Throughout its history its people have bravely fought against the overwhelming forces from its much more powerful neighbours, the Germans and Russians. In fact, when the Germans invaded Poland in 1939, the action which finally triggered off World War II, Stalin's Russia, by previous agreement with the Nazis (Pact of Steel) simultaneously invaded Poland.

There is not much to do in Poland but drink. Hungarian and Czech champagne, Albanian cognac and Polish vodka. I was sitting on my hotel balcony. It was a warm summer's night and I was overlooking the main street of the city. Hardly any cars. Even if you were lucky enough to get a car it would take you two years of wages (that is, without eating or anything) to afford a Trabant (two cylinder 600cc East German car). What I noticed were lots of women walking up and down the street, sometimes in groups. Occasionally a woman walking alone would stop and chat to a small group of women when she happened to cross them on the pavement. None of these women appeared to be under thirty-five years of age. In fact, the majority of them appeared to be a grandmother-like fifty years and over. They all had one thing in common. They were all carrying shopping bags. I wondered what they could be carrying in those bags at 11.30pm. From time to time a man looked out from the shadows. He would approach one of these women and a short

discussion would follow, then the man and woman would walk away together. One time I watched one of these sad couples go from the main street up a side street beside the hotel and since my room happened to be a corner room I rushed over to another window and watched them disappear into the gloom. She walked slightly ahead of him, he kept glancing behind as he followed her with her shopping bag. I thought of my Grandma.

The following night in Warsaw was altogether different. One of the Poles accompanying us was Grzegorz, who is boss of the student federation. He runs the Polytechnic Students' Union and their club bar which shows videos (all acquired on the black market). The bar is open until three or four in the morning at weekends. Needless to say, it is the happening place for young people. Greg was writing an article on us and we became friends. He invited me to the club where I was taken to a room in the back. I can't recount everything about that evening but we talked and talked. At various times there were up to twenty people in this room. The Poles are a passionate people. There are some striking looking people there. They are not at all ignorant or brainwashed about their system. They know it sucks. They do not like the Russians.

They are exceptionally cynical of the system there but they are realists. One of them said to me, 'It's easy for you to be socialists in the West'. He had been waiting for ten years to get a place to live with his wife.

We talked and drank all night long, and even smoked Polish grass, until Dino turned up. He was drunk. The previous week England had played Poland at football and had won 3-0. He came in chanting 'England 3 Poland nil'. I left.

J J BURNEL

*PS I was invited back to attend a three day festival of alternative music at the end of August and asked if I would mind singing four songs with the top band in Poland, Republika, who had learned several Stranglers' songs. I invited Greg to come to England. He won't be allowed to come with his wife. Everything that I saw and felt and experienced during two weekends in Poland has not yet sunk in. I know I only touched the very tip of the iceberg. But I love the Polish people.*



**HUGH  
TALKS  
TO  
CURT  
SMITH  
OF  
TEARS  
FOR  
FEARS**

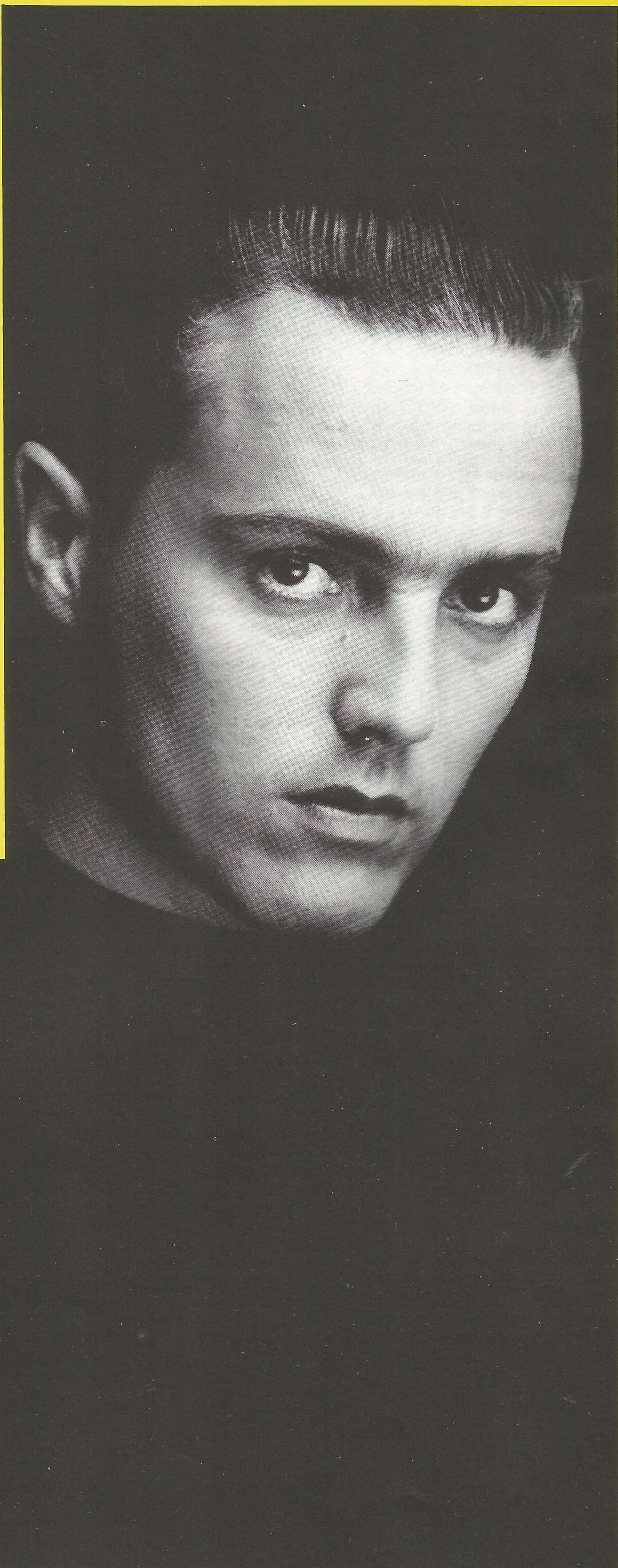


Photo: Phonogram



The following interview was conducted when Curt was taking a short break from touring on 17 August 1985.

**HUGH** Are you enjoying doing so many concerts in comparison to what you did before?

**CURT** Yes, it's more fun. I mean, you get to build more, because if you're doing just a four week tour you only get to be good in four weeks.

**HUGH** That's right. You start to know what you're doing.

**CURT** And then you stop. And you can't take it a step further so that you start changing the record and things like that. You just manage to do what you do in four weeks, get it over and that's it. Now we're releasing a song called **I Believe**. We've re-recorded it completely because my voice is much better now than when we made the record.

**HUGH** That's that one for Robert Wyatt?

**CURT** Yes. So we're doing it again because it's come on so well from just playing live.

**HUGH** You're developing the live performance of it?

**CURT** Yes.

**HUGH** I've got a question to ask you about your **Big Chair** LP. Why were there two versions of **Broken**? Why was there a live version of the song? Was there any reasoning behind that?

**CURT** Because before we recorded those songs we didn't know them, and since we used to do **Broken** live, we decided to record it live. Basically, we just wanted to experiment with the live mix of **Broken** at the end, like we'd done on the live version. And when we did it, it was just to see if it worked or not and then we got into it, coming out of the live applause and going straight into **Listen** which is the end track.

### "Half the album we played live before we ever recorded."

**HUGH** So you mean to say that with **Broken** you played it live before you'd actually recorded it?

**CURT** Well, **Broken** we played live, **Head Over Heels**, **Working Hour**, **Mother's Talk** — half the album we played live before we ever recorded.

**HUGH** Are you doing all the songs live?

**CURT** We're doing all of them except **Listen** which is just impossible to do live.

**HUGH** Maybe you can use this opportunity to give your side of the **Live Aid** thing.

**CURT** My side of the **Live Aid** thing?

**HUGH** Yes. If you've got any comments to put in, you know, it won't be changed. I'm sure you've got a version.

**CURT** Well, we pulled out of **Live Aid** apparently because two of our band members left. There is some truth in that — they did leave!

### "We all objected to doing it because of the means that Geldof used to ask us to do it."

**HUGH** Were they contracted?

**CURT** William was, but he didn't want to stay with this band.

**HUGH** He was what?

**CURT** William was the saxophonist. Andy we decided to change: things didn't work out really.

**HUGH** You'd better give us their full names.

**CURT** William Gregory and Andy Summerfield. So William decided to study jazz in Paris.

**HUGH** He wanted to get back to his roots?

**CURT** Yes, and Andy didn't work out. So we could have, at a push, physically done it. I didn't want to do it. We all objected to doing it because of the means that Geldof used to ask us to do it. Basically, we didn't want to do it and we offered to donate money instead, which we are going to do with proceeds from **Sidney**, **Tokyo**, **London** and **New York** and two live albums. Geldof's way of getting us to play was, if we don't play we're going to be personally responsible for half a million lives, and I don't think that anyone should have the power to designate guilt just like that. He shouldn't have that power, and I really objected to the fact that he had that power, because if he feels like that, that's fine, and a lot of people agree with him. But a lot of people have different ways of doing things, whether they just want to sit quietly back and donate money so that they don't get the world and a big public spotlight on them, unlike Geldof does, you know, with the **Boomtown Rats**...

### "We didn't want to be part of a scene like Woodstock."

**HUGH** And were there no black acts on?

**CURT** There were no black acts at all.

**HUGH** They're just not crowd pullers like **Stevie Wonder** and **American** acts — big names.

**CURT** That's what I think. And basically, you know, we were more content to just donate the £4,000 than to make a big fuss about it. We just didn't want to go on this big show — we didn't want to be part of a scene like **Woodstock**. And most people did it because it was useful, you know.

**HUGH** All the record sales quadrupled.

**CURT** So those were the real reasons we didn't want to do it. And those were the reasons that didn't feature in the press accounts...

**HUGH** Well this *is* the press. *strangled* is another side of the press. You said one thing there — you said you didn't want to revive the **Woodstock** spirit. Can you go into that?

**CURT** Well, I wasn't part of **Woodstock** and things like that, and I don't feel part of that mass music business fight to do something. I don't know — I don't feel part of the music business. The way we've done things, we've sat aside from the music business so as not to get too involved in it and not to put business before music. And when I say the **Woodstock** spirit what I

mean is a 1985 version of **Woodstock**, which would be a lot of bitchiness and a lot of — well, you know what the music business is like! I mean, there are a lot of bands where fashion is far, far more important than any music, or the view that it would be far, far more important than the good way of doing it. Which is why we didn't do it, 'cos that's what I would consider to be the state of the music business now — not that it was like that at **Woodstock**.

**HUGH** So you mean you don't want to be involved in that side of music? You can't say you're not involved with the music business..

**CURT** No, no. I mean, it's a statement. Basically, yes, you have to be involved with the music business, but the thing is to remain objective about it.

**HUGH** So you're back now for four days? What happens then?

**CURT** Well, I'm going to **Los Angeles**.

**HUGH** And so when will this tour finish?

**CURT** November 18th is the last date.

**HUGH** And then what are you going to do — apart from taking a holiday?

**CURT** Take a holiday! I mean, we literally do that, have a couple of months. We have a couple of months off and then start writing, you know wherever. And as soon as we believe we have enough good material for an album, we start recording the album.

**HUGH** Using **Chris Hughes** again?

**CURT** Yes, we will use **Chris Hughes**.

**HUGH** He's working in **Beckington**, isn't he?

**CURT** Well, he will be tomorrow. He's up in **London**. He's producing the **Ric Ocasek** album — however you pronounce it!

**HUGH** And they haven't started yet?

**CURT** I think they're doing it, yes, 'cos he was in **New York** when we were there about two months ago and he was already doing it then, so he's been doing it for quite a while. So presumably they've started something by now if he's been doing it for three months.



Photo: Phonogram



**HUGH** Have you worked at your studio yet, 'cos you had a studio in Beckington called... The Wool Hall?

**"You had a studio in Beckington called ... The Wool Hall?"**

**CURT** The Wool Hall. We've only done B sides there — we haven't done any master recording. All that equipment there is what was in Ian Stanley's house, which is where we recorded the whole album. So we did the whole album on the equipment, but it wasn't in the studio but in Ian's front room.

**HUGH** So it's all been moved from that house?

**CURT** In Timsbury, yeah — in North Road.

**HUGH** Off Barford Hill?

**CURT** Barford Hill, yes, up by the university.

**HUGH** And Ian was your engineer on that?

**CURT** No, Ian was keyboard player. We had a different engineer, Dave Baston. Ian used to engineer for us — or we all used to engineer, should I say. We do that for B

sides and all the work we do up to albums, when we get another engineer, because there's too much really to actually play and engineer, plus the fact that a professional engineer is better really.

**HUGH** And he's contributed, so he's given writing credits?

**CURT** Yes.

**HUGH** So he must be having the time of his life after being stuck in a room in his house for so long!

**CURT** Yes. I mean we met Ian before we formed Tears for Fears four years ago, when we left the group we were in before.

**HUGH** Which was what?

**CURT** Graduate. And he just came up to us in Nantes. He was working with the other members of Graduate and was fascinated by us, because he'd only heard bad stories about us. You know — the bitchiness! So, he has a bit of a perverse character and he was fascinated to come up to us. He has an 8 track and he said would you like to use my 8 track for nothing. So I thought, well that's one offer we can't turn down, and we did one up there, which turned into a 16 track, then went into a 24 track — and so we did the whole album.

**HUGH** That's great. You mean your first album?

**CURT** This album we did on it. The first album we did in about fifteen different studios around London — that was horrible. That's why we changed on this album, because the first album came out really sterile because it was a pain to record. I mean — it was working late hours every day.

**HUGH** In different places...

**CURT** Studios where you thought, God, this is fifty quid an hour! And it's better to work at home in a far more relaxed atmosphere. So this album is actually far more representative of what we are about and not representative of us doing a job.

**HUGH** So is it good to be back in the West Country — Bath?

**CURT** Oh brilliant, but I'm leaving again. I don't feel like I've been away that long, apart from all those new shops everything is pretty similar.

**HUGH** Well obviously it's too short a time, but do you see Bath changing at all since you were here last time, or has it just stayed the same?

**CURT** Well, having been born here in Bath ... Bath always changes in bits — little shops appear, shopping malls might get changed and things like that. But in character Bath never changes, which is the beauty of Bath.

**HUGH** However many tourists, you don't think it will ever change?

**CURT** Well it never has in my whole life. When I come back, you know, the actual feel of the place, the actual feel created by the city has always been the same.

**HUGH** It's just too strong to be changed, isn't it?

**CURT** Yes it is. I mean on tour we played the Albert Hall, and the Hall controls what you do. It's something that's much bigger than any band that plays there — it's that kind of place. Bath is much bigger a city than anyone that could live here or the tourists that come here. It changes people; people don't change it.

**HUGH** Yeah, I agree. So you're going to be away next year for a whole year — well, you can come back for three months right?

**CURT** Two. Yes, it's sixty two days.

**HUGH** Sixty two days over a period of a year. So where are you doing to spend that year? Obviously you'll be working...

**CURT** Right. Well, most of it in studios. And myself and Lynn — well, we're going to look first — fancy going to live in Japan for a couple of months while we do writing and stuff, because we loved it so much there.

**"You've found a Japanese equivalent of Bath."**

**HUGH** Any particular place there?

**CURT** Well there's one place — which is why we have to go and see it first — that's like in rocks and they have a few houses you rent up there. It's natural hot spring in the rocks, you see. It's very inspiring.

**HUGH** And you can go and bathe in the hot spring?

**CURT** You can go and bathe in the hot springs and they also have a restaurant in the hot springs where you sit up to your neck in the hot spring water and they float sake out to you on trays.

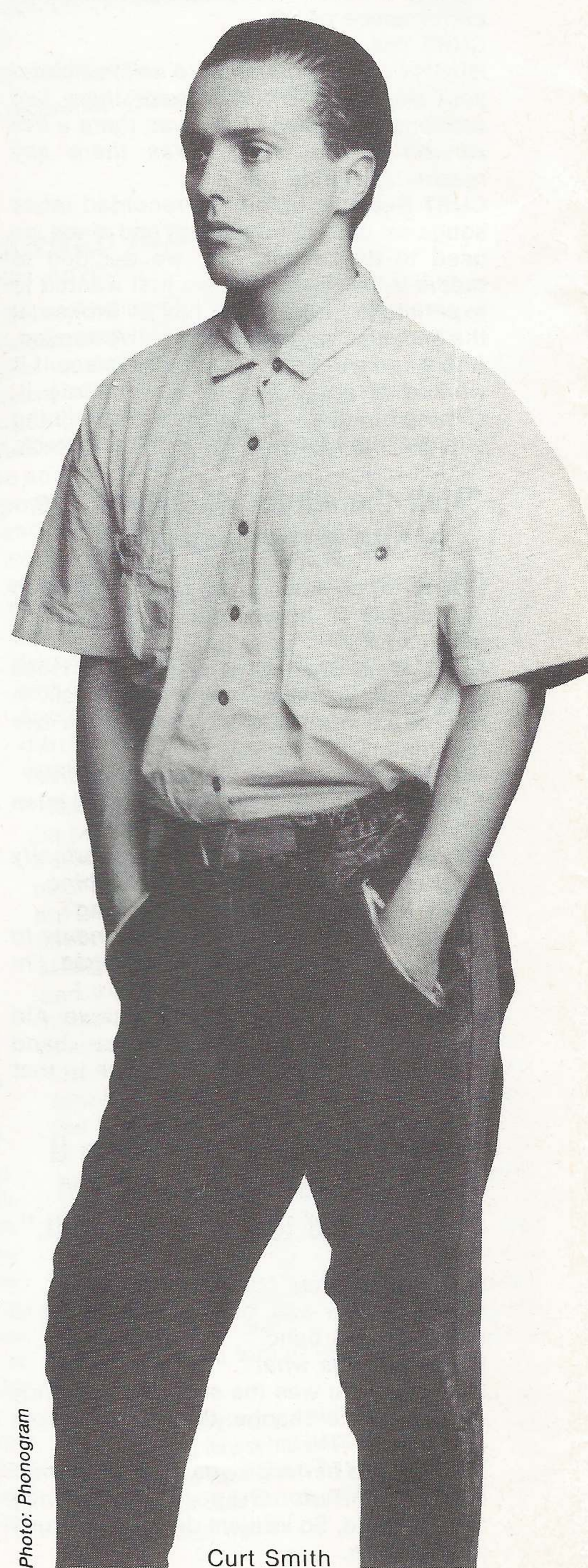
**HUGH** Oh brilliant!

**CURT** It sounds like my kind of place!



Roland Orzabal

Photo: Phonogram



Curt Smith

Photo: Phonogram



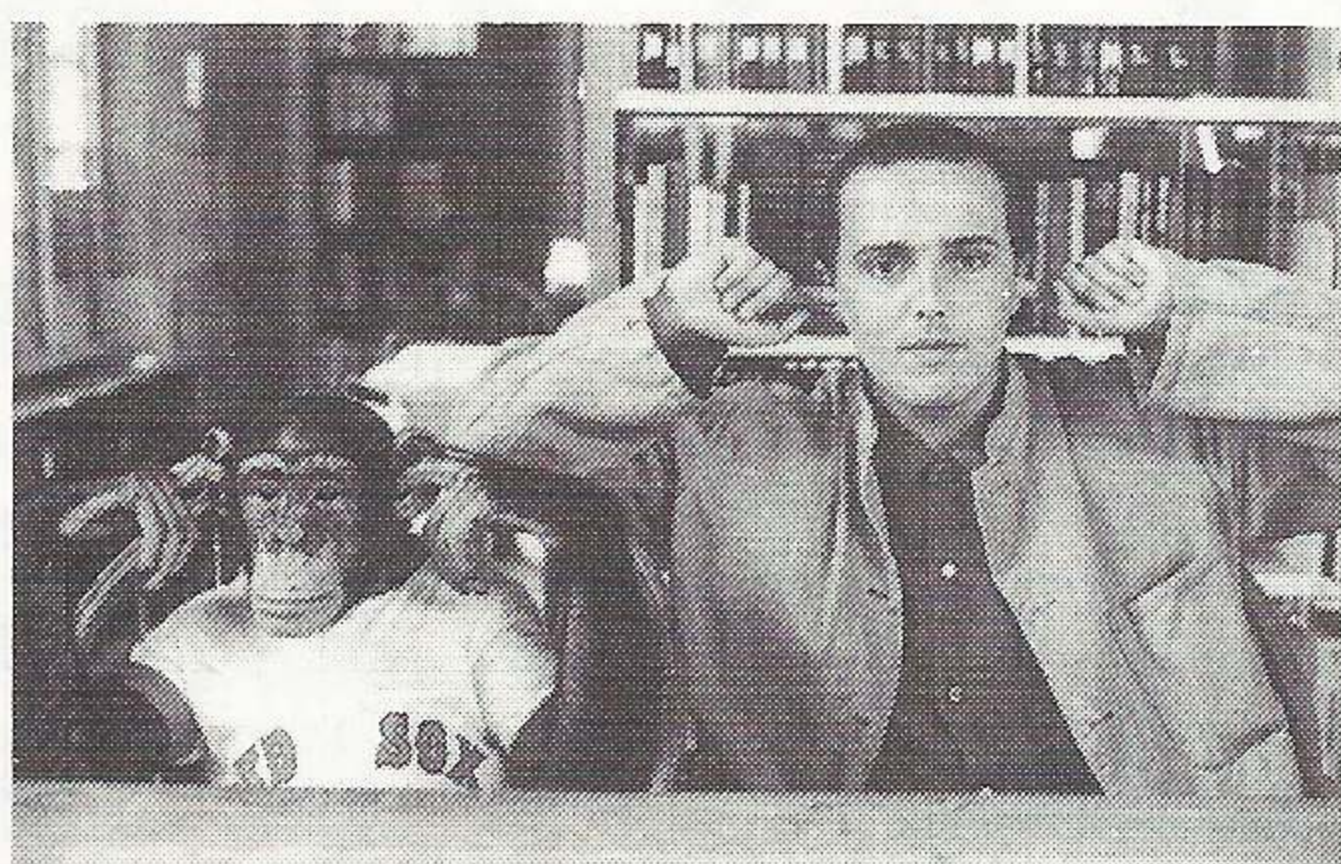


Photo: Phonogram

**HUGH** Well that's funny because you know Bath has hot water springs and you've found a Japanese equivalent of Bath.

**CURT** Well it would be probably, yes. I mean, a lot smaller, a lot more secluded — but then where I live it's secluded, so it should be quite similar to here, and it's not far from the major cities.

**HUGH** Did you play Kyoto?

**CURT** We didn't play Kyoto — we went there and we played Nasake and Tokyo. Is there anywhere to play in Kyoto?

**HUGH** Yeah, there's a university there of course, and I suppose there are much bigger places.

**CURT** We stopped there on the way on the bullet train. We stopped off to have a look and did the sightseeing bit. There was a thunderstorm the day we were there — a severe thunderstorm — an I've got a great picture of this Buddhist temple with lightning bolts.

**HUGH** Really? So Japan was the place that really....

**CURT** Japan is the one place that impressed me, you know. There are a lot of places in Europe that are very English and in other places it's kind of English — Australia is sort of a very loose version of England, and America, I think.

**HUGH** Is that the first time you've been to America?

**CURT** No, 'cos Lynn was born there.

**HUGH** I mean to play.

**CURT** To play — that was the first tour we did.

**HUGH** And what was your impression? You can say anything you like!

**"The music business in America is a joke — I mean completely full of bullshit..."**

**CURT** To tour in America? Well, the audiences we attracted in America — or did to start with until the end, because it got bigger as time went on — were younger people, like the sort of people we appealed to when we first started in England, 'cos if you're quite young when you have a hit, you attract a very young girl audience to start with, then as you get older, or as you become more established, which is the case in England, your audience becomes much older, and that'll happen in America probably. So the audiences were like that. The music business in America is a joke — I mean completely full of bullshit, so full of bullshit it was unbelievable. What you end up doing is playing these little games with people, and you win in the end, as long as you can alienate yourself from it.

**HUGH** Anything else about America that sticks in your mind?

**CURT** America? Well, I just never feel safe there. It's never a safe place to be. I mean the fact that they have guns makes you immediately feel unsafe, you know. The first time I was in Los Angeles — there's the Sunset Marquee in LA, the hotel, and just along the road there's this little hamburger

place called Ben Franks — just over the road. And I was going over the road to get a hamburger and they warned me not to go on my own.

**HUGH** Not to go on your own?

**CURT** No. And it's over the road! But it's Sunset Strip.

**HUGH** My God!

**CURT** And I think this is not my kind of place.

**HUGH** Well John went for a walk there, when we were playing on tour there. In the afternoon he went for a walk on the street and the police stopped him and said, 'What are you doing?' So he said, 'I'm just going for a walk,' and they said 'Well, that's very suspicious in this town.'

**CURT** Yes, it's weird as hell. The one place I quite like is New York. It's quite a hyper place and there's a lot to do. Manhattan itself is not too bad — certainly not as odious as LA, and I quite like it there.

**HUGH** Yeah, they have these premises licences there. You can have a gun as long as you keep it on the premises, is that right?

**"You can nip into Woolworths and buy a gun any day."**

**CURT** Well, there is a lesser case with all homes, you know, with anyone in America. You have to have a licence to carry a gun, but you can have it in your home...

**HUGH** Without a licence?

**CURT** Oh, you don't need a licence.

**HUGH** To have a gun in your home?

**CURT** Oh no! You can nip into Woolworth's and buy a gun any day. As long as you have your driving licence or some ID you can buy a Magnum — and you don't have to have a permit for it.

**HUGH** As long as you don't take it out of the house?

**CURT** Yes. When we first went down to stay with Lynn's family her dad rented a trailer for us and he wouldn't let us stay there without a gun. You have to, because if people come in and burgle you they're going to be armed, so you've got to be armed to protect yourself. Lynn's dad has a gun. He hasn't got a permit, but he carries a gun around, doesn't he?

**LYNN** He's got a permit.

**CURT** Does he?

**HUGH** What, to carry it on the street?

**LYNN** Oh no.

**CURT** No, he has it in his car and he has both, doesn't he? He keeps it with him all the time.

**LYNN** Yeah

**HUGH** Oh, so you can keep that premises licence which will stretch to have a gun in your car?

**CURT** It does actually stretch to having it in your car and in any of your personal property, which means effectively that you can carry it round with you all the time — just by going into a shop with a bit of ID and buying a Magnum.

**HUGH** Well you seem to have survived remarkably from a lot of travelling and a lot of working — and a lot of success. I'm very pleased.

**CURT** Good. Well, I actually feel much fitter now — but that's because we've been working for five months — whereas last year, as you know, we were sitting around a studio not doing enough. It's been nice to actually go out and do something — it feels very positive, which is good.

**HUGH** Yeah. So next year you're going to be away then hopefully you'll be able to spend more time in England.

**CURT** Yes, well I don't want to leave England after that really. I find it really hard leaving the country anyway, but I mean when your accountant's standing there and he tells you this and this, you think well it's a year, and I've been out of the country nearly a year this year, really — nine months on the road, so it's not going to make a lot of difference.

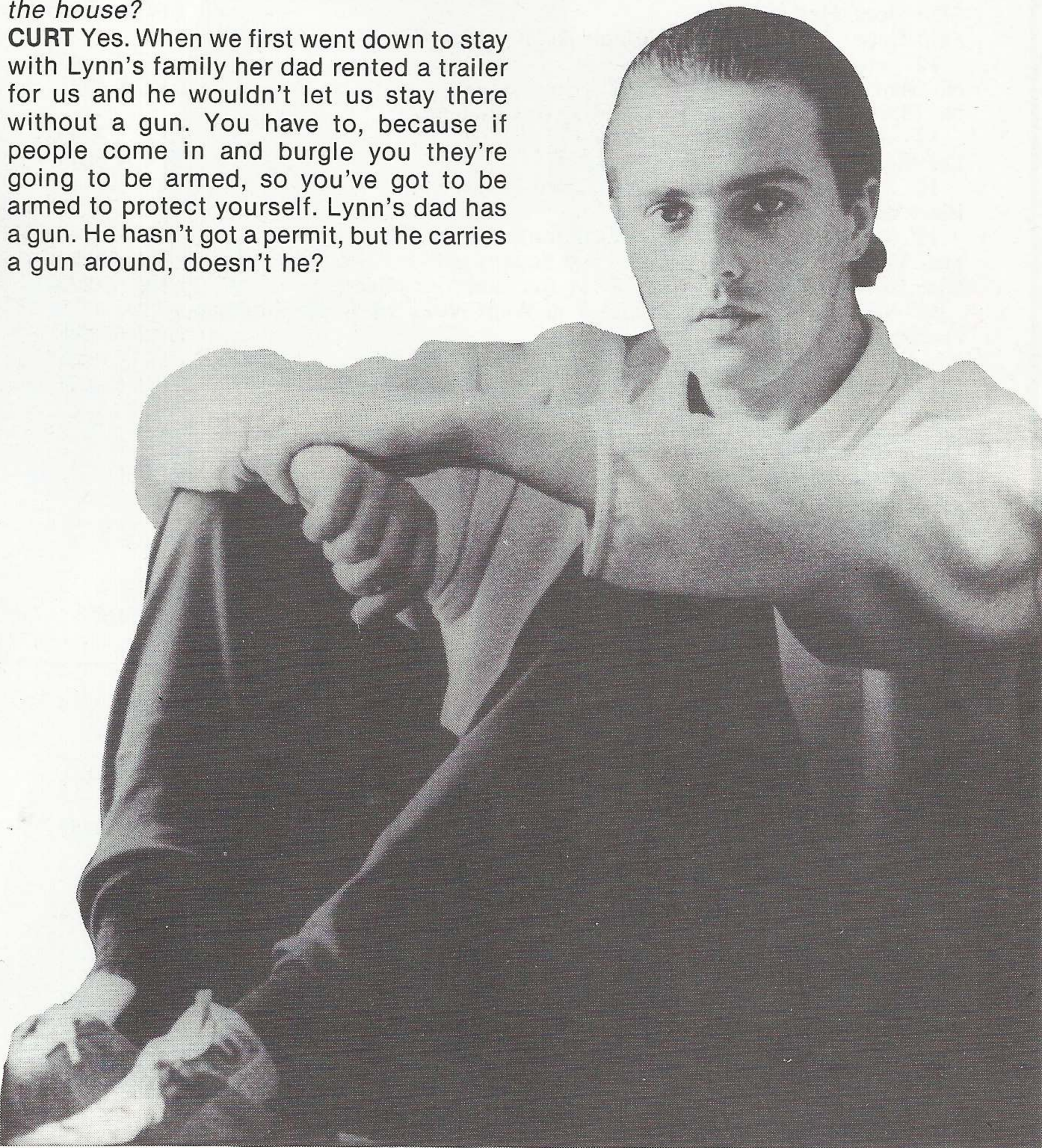


Photo: Phonogram



# DISCOGRAPHY

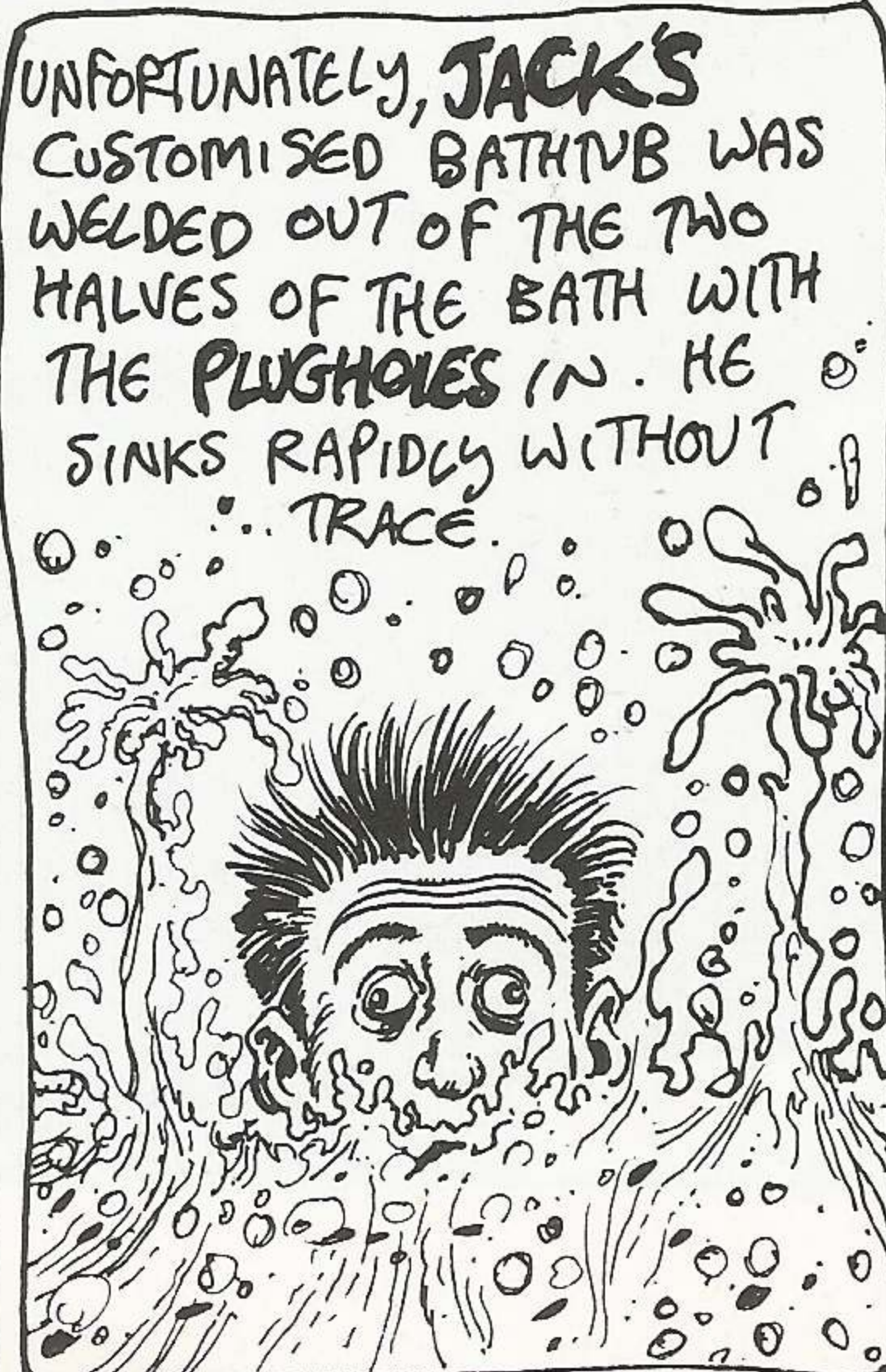
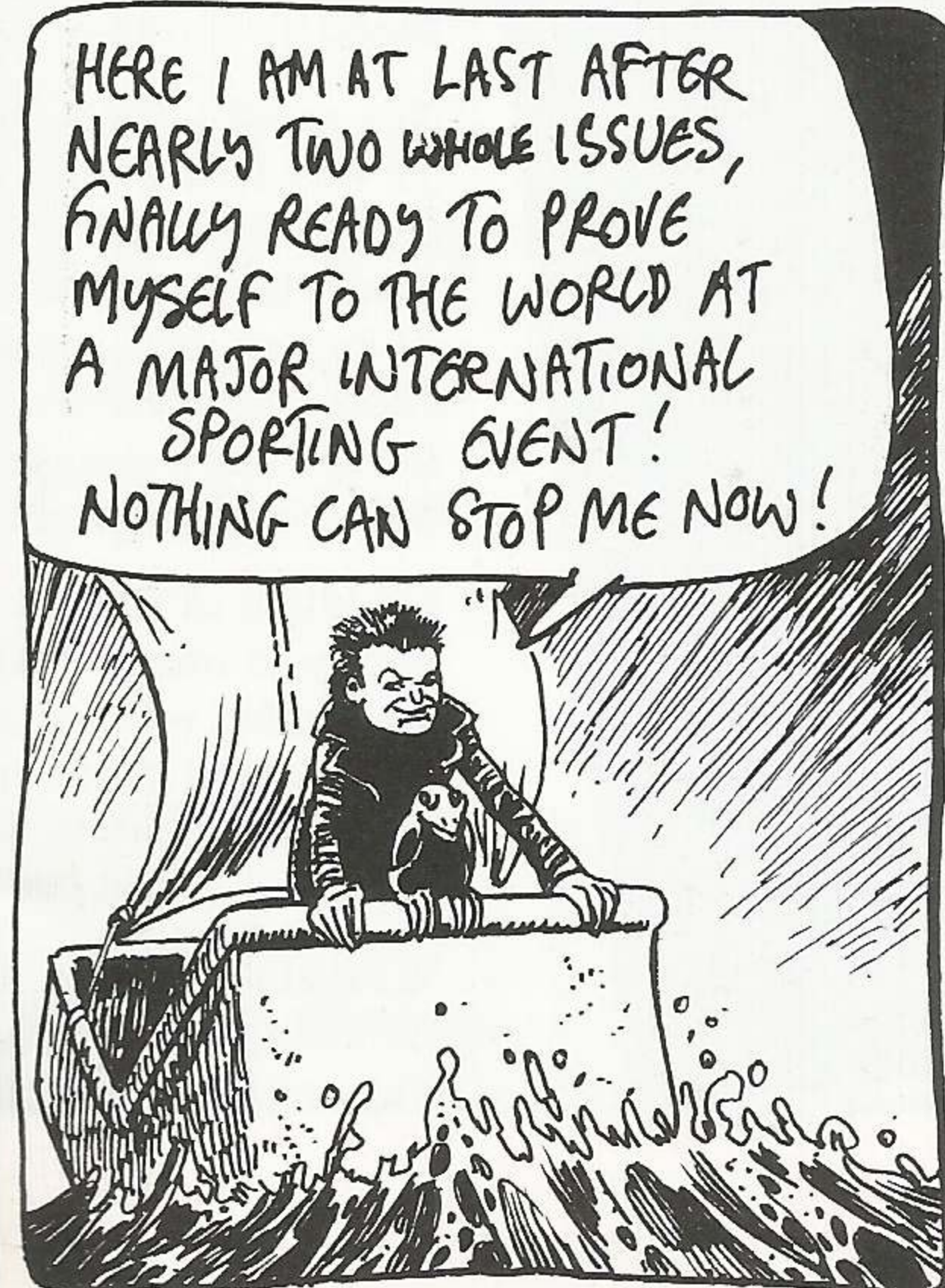
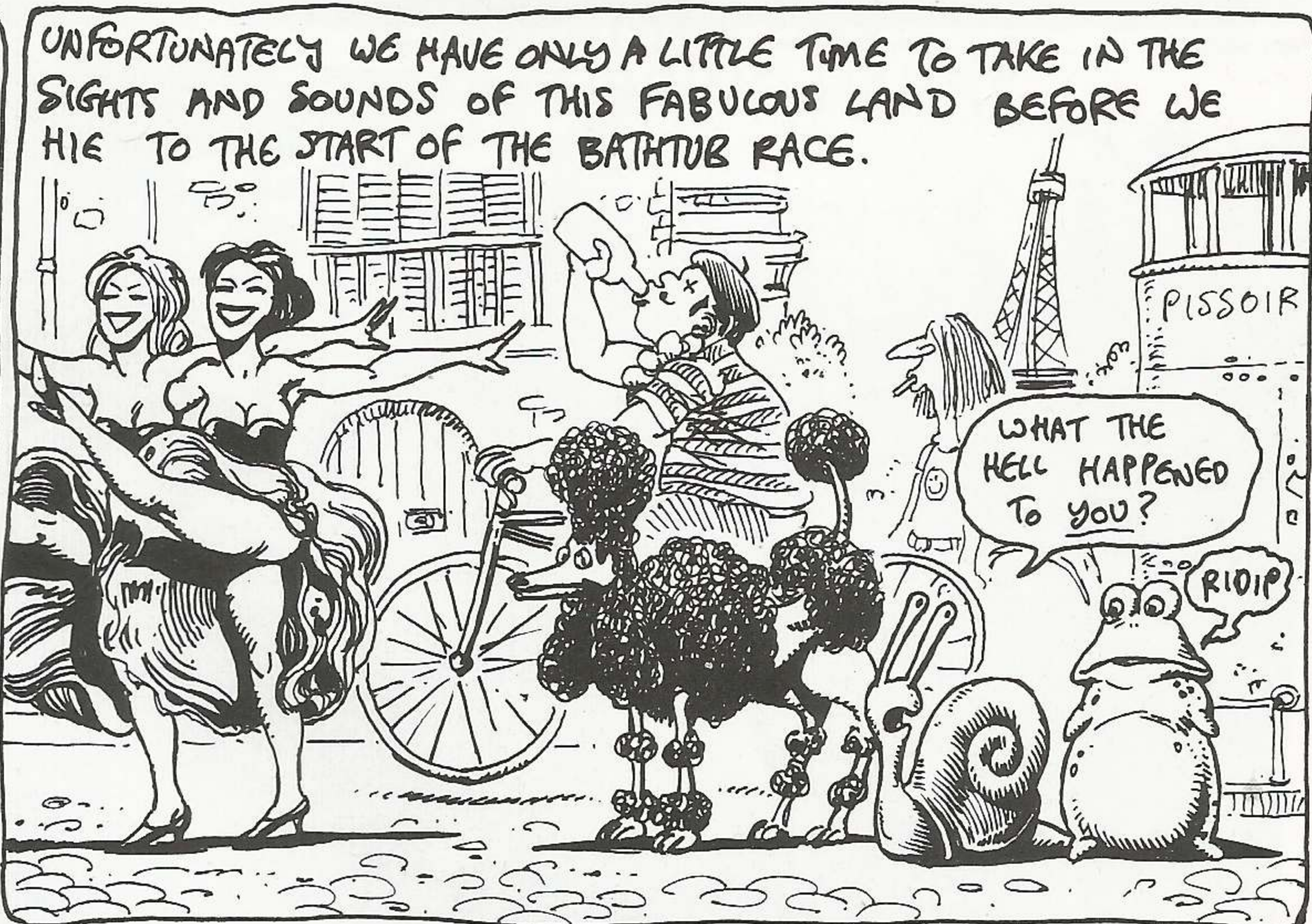
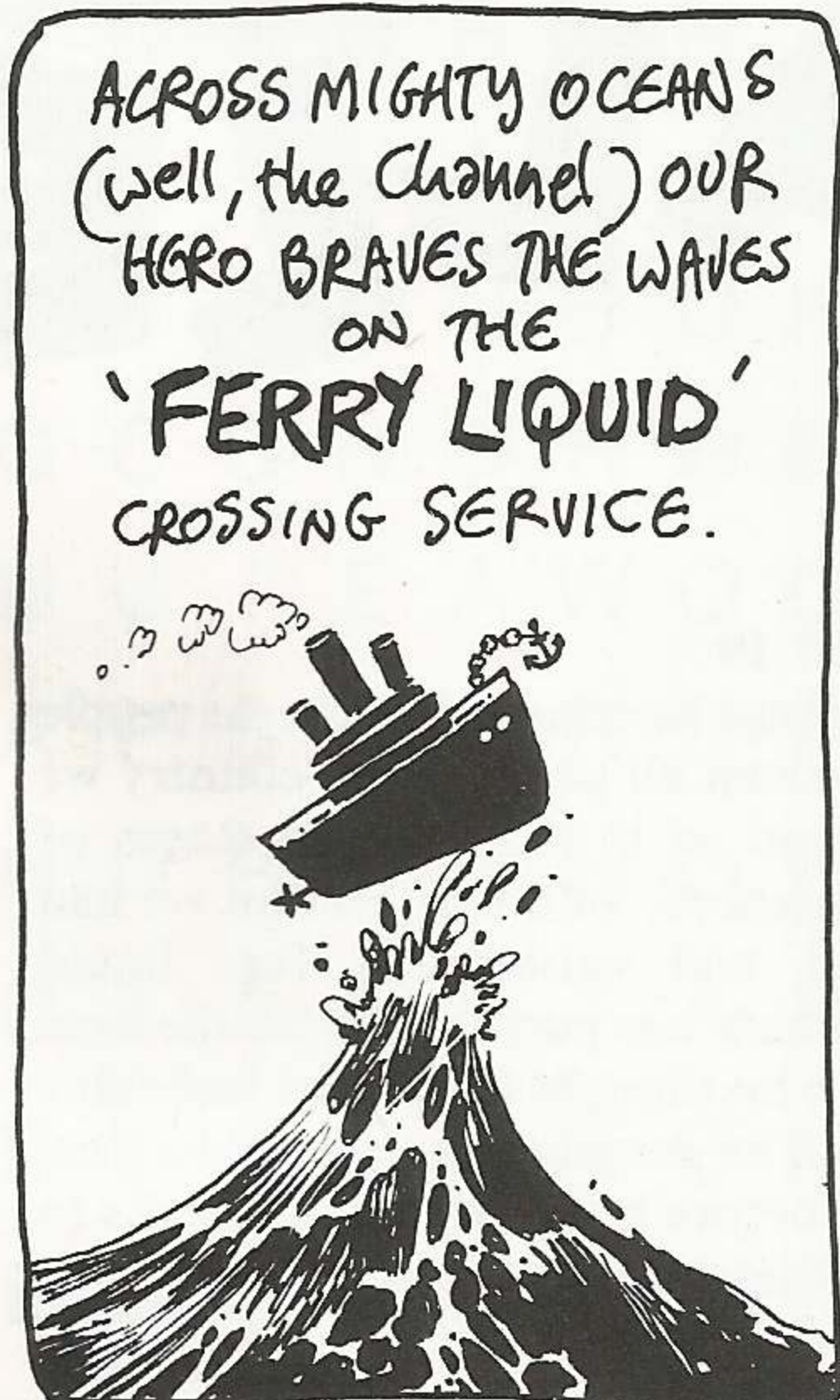
Title	Catalogue Number	Label	Year of Release
<b>ALBUMS</b>			
Rattus Norvegicus	UAG 30045	U.A.	1977
No More Heroes	UAG 30200	U.A.	1977
Black and White	UAK 30222	U.A.	1978
Live X-Cert	UAG 30224	U.A.	1979
The Raven	UAG 30262	U.A.	1979
The Meninblack	LBG 30313	Liberty	1981
La Folie	LBG 30342	Liberty	1981
The Collection (compact disc CDP 7460662)	LBG 30353	Liberty	1982
Feline	EPIC 25237	Epic	1983
Aural Sculpture (compact disc released)	EPC 26220	Epic	1984
Off The Beaten Track	LBG 5001	Liberty	1986
Dreamtime (compact disc released)	EPC 26648	Epic	1986
<b>SINGLES</b>			
Grip/London Lady	UP 36211	U.A.	1977
Peaches/Go Buddy Go	UP 36248	U.A.	1977
Something Better Change/Straighten Out	UP 36277	U.A.	1977
No More Heroes/In the Shadows	UP 36300	U.A.	1977
5 Minutes/Rok it to the Moon	UP 36350	U.A.	1978
Nice 'n Sleazy/Shut Up	UP 36379	U.A.	1978
Walk on By/Old Codger/Tank	UP 36429	U.A.	1978
Duchess/Fools Rush Out	BP 308	U.A.	1979
Nuclear Device/Yellowcake UF6	BP 318	U.A.	1979
Bear Cage/Shah Shah a Go Go	BP 344	U.A.	1980
12" version	12-BP 344	U.A.	1980
Who Wants the World/The Meninblack	BPX 355	U.A.	1980
Tomorrow Was/Nubiles (cocktail version)	SIS 001	SIS	1980
Thrown Away/Top Secret	BP 383	Liberty	1981
Just Like Nothing on Earth/Maninwhite	BP 393	Liberty	1981
Let Me Introduce You to the Family/Vietnamerica	BP 405	Liberty	1981
Golden Brown/Love 30	BP 407	Liberty	1981
La Folie/Waltz in Black	BP 410	Liberty	1982
Strange Little Girl/Cruel Garden	BP 412	Liberty	1982
European Female/Savage Breast	EPCA 2893	Epic	1982
Pic-disc version	EPCA 11 2893	Epic	1983
Midnight Summer Dream/Vladimir & Olga	EPCA 3167	Epic	1983
12" version	EPCA 13 3167	Epic	1983
Paradise/Pawsher	EPCA 3387	Epic	1983
Paradise/Pawsher/Permission 12" version	EPC TA 3387	Epic	1983
Golden Brown/Strange Little Girl	G456	Liberty	1984
Skin Deep/Here & There	EPCA 4738	Epic	1984
Skin Deep/Here & There/Vladimir & The Beast Part III			
12" version	EPC TA 4738	Epic	1984
No Mercy/In One Door (pic disc also released)	EPCA 4921	Epic	1984
No Mercy/In One Door/Hot Club (instrumental)			
12" version	EPC TA 4921	Epic	1984
Let Me Down Easy/Achilles Heel	EPCA 6045	Epic	1985
12" Version (3 tracks): Let Me Down Easy/Achilles Heel/Place des Victoires			
12" Version (5 tracks - limited edition): As 3 track version plus Vladimir goes to Havana/Aural Sculpture Manifesto	EPC TA 6045	Epic	1985
Nice In Nice/Since You Went Away (pic disc also released)	QTA 6045	Epic	1985
12" Version Nice In Nice/Since You Went Away/Midnight Summer	EPC 650055-7	Epic	1986
Dream (live) European Female (live)	EPC 650055-6	Epic	1986
Always The Sun/Norman Normal	EPC 650130-7	Epic	1986
12" version Always The Sun/Norman Normal/Souls (live)	EPC 650130-6	Epic	1986
<b>E.P.</b>			
Don't Bring Harry/Wired/Crabs/In the Shadows	STR 1	U.A.	1979
No Mercy/In One Door/Hot Club/Head On The Line	EPC GA 4921	Epic	1985
<b>FREE SINGLES - limited</b>			
Choosey Susie/Peasant in the Big Shitty (free with Rattus album)	FREE 3	U.A.	1977
Walk on By/Tits/Mean to Me (free with B & W album)	FREE 9	U.A.	1978
Aural Sculpture (free with Feline album)	XPS 167	Epic	1983
<b>SOLO RECORDINGS</b>			
<b>JJ BURNEL</b>			
Euroman Cometh (album)	UA G30214	U.A.	1979
Freddie Laker/Ozymandias (single)	UP 36500	U.A.	1979
Girl From The Snow Country/Ode To Joy/Do The European (withdrawn) (single)	UA BP 361	UA	1980
<b>HUGH CORNWELL (WITH ROBERT WILLIAMS)</b>			
Nosferatu (album)	UAG 30251	U.A.	1979
White Room/Losers in a Lost Land (single)	BP 320	U.A.	1979
<b>HUGH CORNWELL</b>			
One In A Million/Siren Song (single)	PRT A 6509	Portrait	1985
12" Version	PRT TX 6509	Portrait	1985
<b>DAVE GREENFIELD &amp; JJ BURNEL</b>			
Fire and Water (album)	EPC 25707	Epic	1983
Rain & Dole & Tea/Consequences (single)	EPCA 4076	Epic	1984
<b>CELIA AND THE MUTATIONS</b>			
Mony Mony/Mean To Me (single)	UA UP 36262	UA	1977
You Better Believe Me/Round and Around	UA UP 36318	UA	1977
<b>A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE</b>			
My Young Dreams/Two Sides to Every Story	SIS 002	SIS	1985



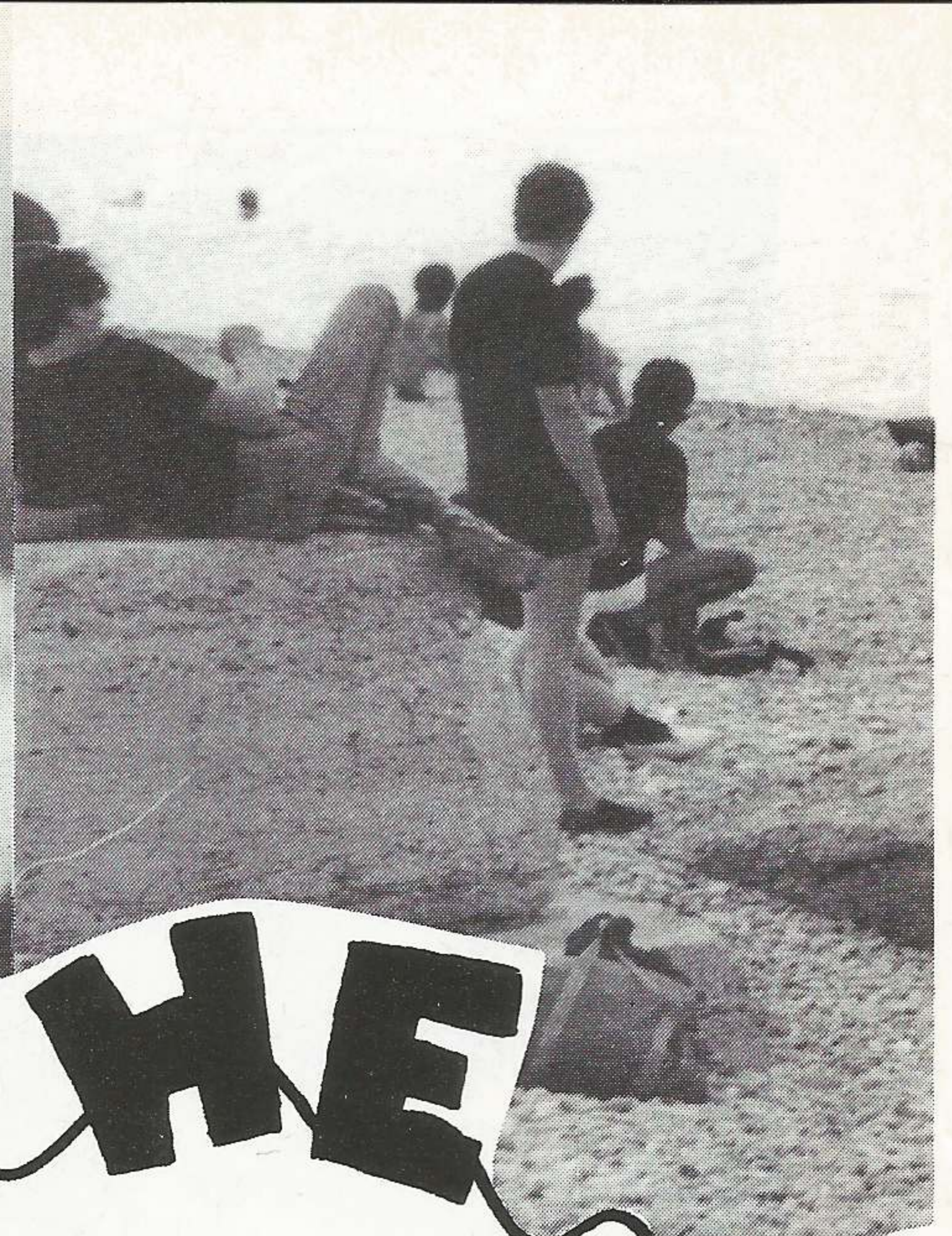
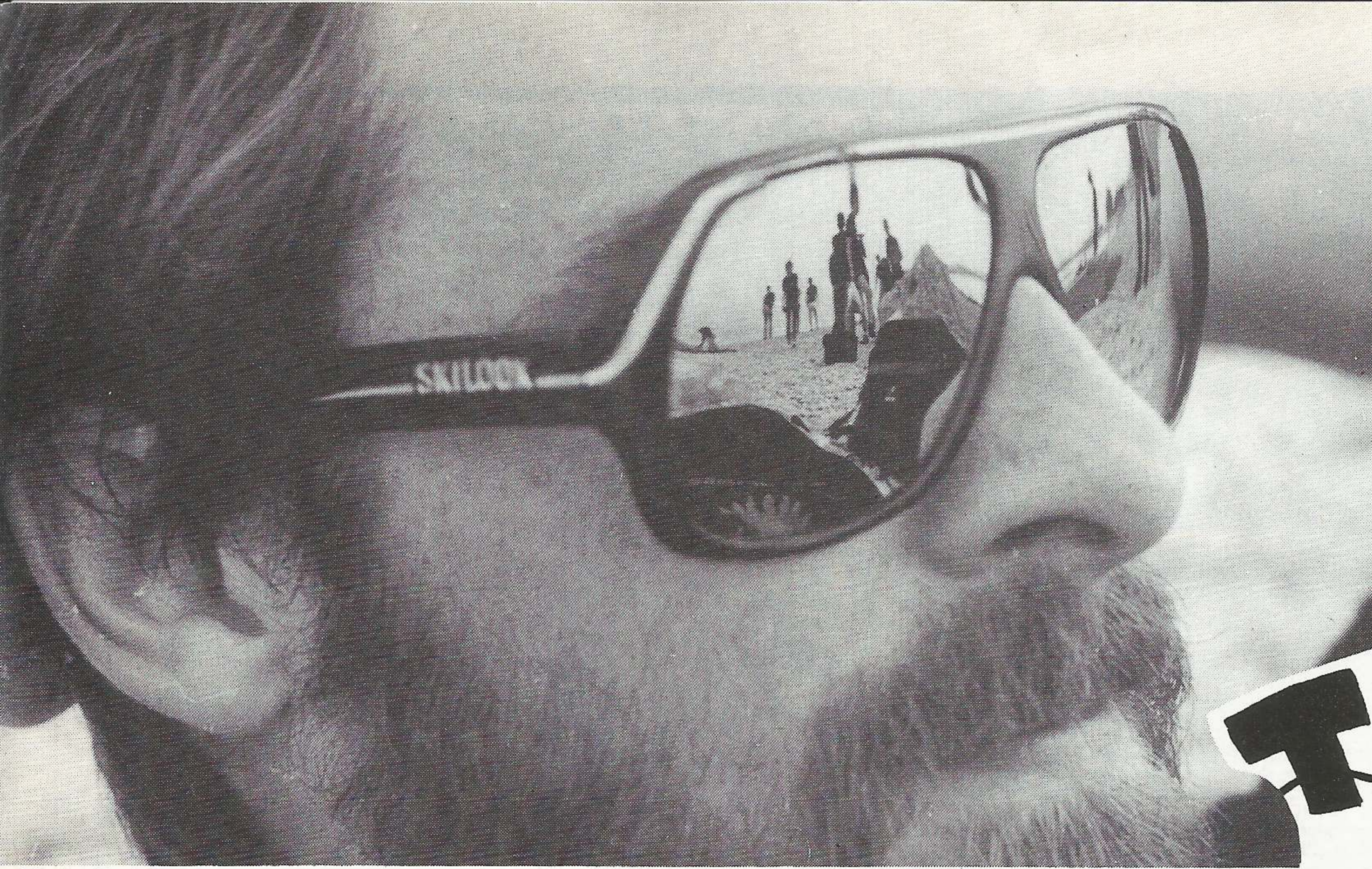
# JACK IN BLACK

## IN THE BATHTUB II

IT'S NOT SAFE TO GO BACK IN THE WATER







# THE CHALLENGE

Photo: Paul Jenner



The first meeting

Photo Peter Hackman

## Saturday April 19

The first Challenge meeting in Barnet. As people had travelled from all parts of the country we made a weekend of it and the first stages of building commenced. In the afternoon we had a whip-round and raised £55 for 'liquid refreshment' which was purchased from the local supermarket, who thought Christmas had come early this year. The evening was spent in the local pizza parlour before returning to Achmed's to watch videos and snatch a little sleep.

## Sunday April 20

Once everyone had forced themselves awake we sanded and painted the floats and tubs and the baths were attached in a line. Once everything was black it began to look much more impressive. Nik got a bit carried away — painting over the nuts and bolts and Achmed's garage door! Jon James was sent off to buy more bolts and returned two hours later having got lost on the North Circular, much to everyone's amusement.

## Sunday May 18

The moment of truth! This was our first attempt to float the tubs on the nearest water, a small pond in Barnet. Our arrival caused much amusement for the locals, out for a Sunday afternoon stroll to feed the ducks. Well, how often have you seen twenty people dressed in black assembling bath-tubs in your area?!

The pond turned out to be a bit of a disaster. JJ was first to roll up his jeans and wade in, closely followed by Pete, PJ and Aidan. At this point the water swirled up an unpleasant shade of brown and a rather pungent smell hit us. Closer inspection of the pond revealed what looked like a sewage outlet. Needless to say, we didn't use the pond again!

Highlight of the day was the arrival of the local bobby-in-blue, who had answered a call from a do-gooder who reported a 'group of ten year-olds playing about on the water'. He said a little piece about safety on water and hastily left us to it.

We dismantled the tubs and took them back to Achmed's. JJ left to travel to Belgium — a long way to go when you smell like a sewer!!



Achmed with 'The Stash'

Photo: Peter Hackman



# NGE



Photo: Paul Jenner



Photo: Peter Hackman

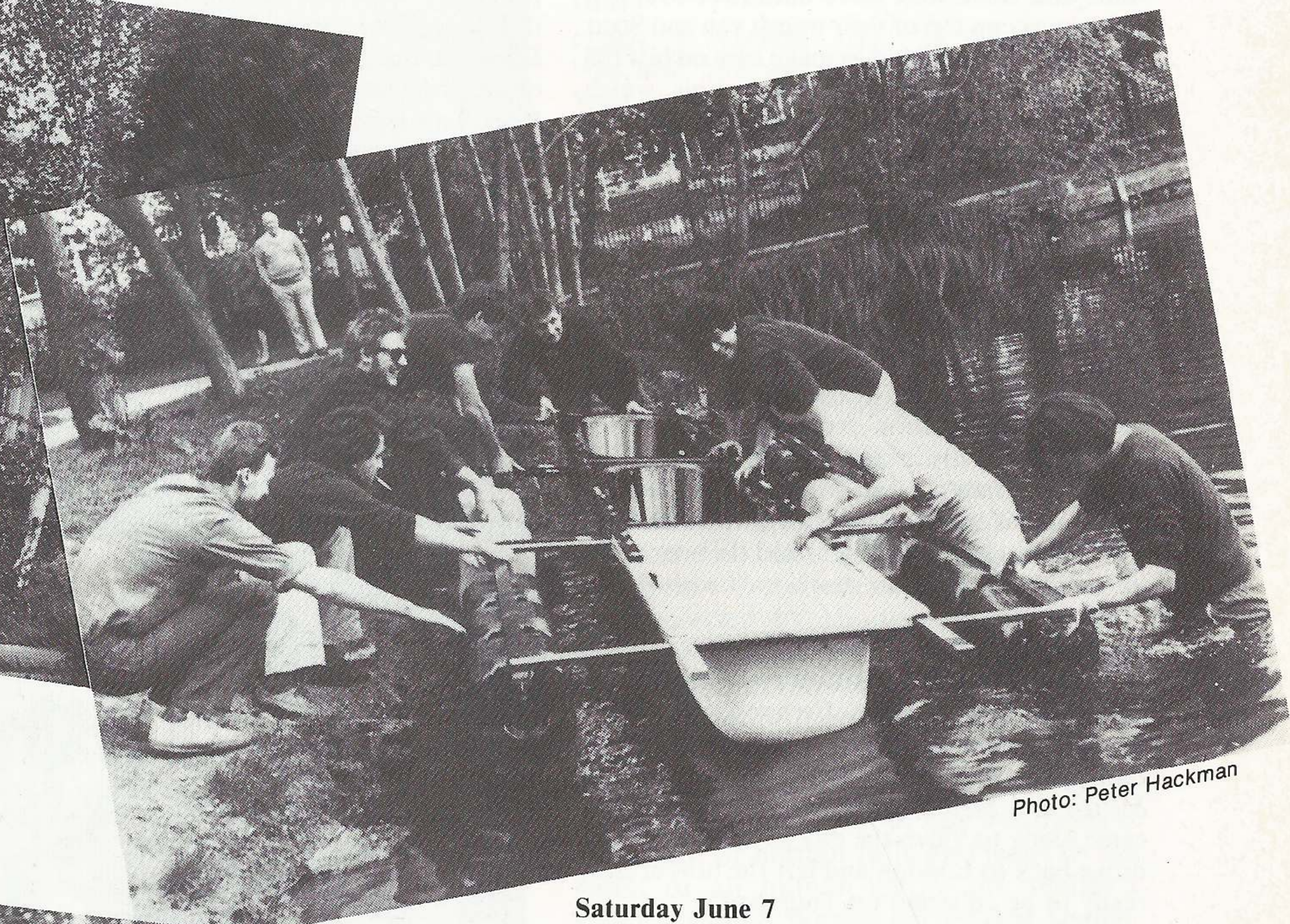


Photo: Peter Hackman



Photo: Peter Hackman

## Saturday June 7

JJ treated us all to a meal in London. We invaded the restaurant at 11pm and made a good attempt to empty their wine cellar! After toasting everyone and everything which came to mind until 4am we left to fall into the street on a taxi hunt. Those catching the night bus from Trafalgar Square went for a drunken dawn paddle — but no 12' ear in sight! I'm sure a lot more happened this night, but after bottle number three things aren't too clear! No building done all weekend!



Photo: Peter Hackman



# THE CHALLENGE



Photo: Jean-Luke Epstein

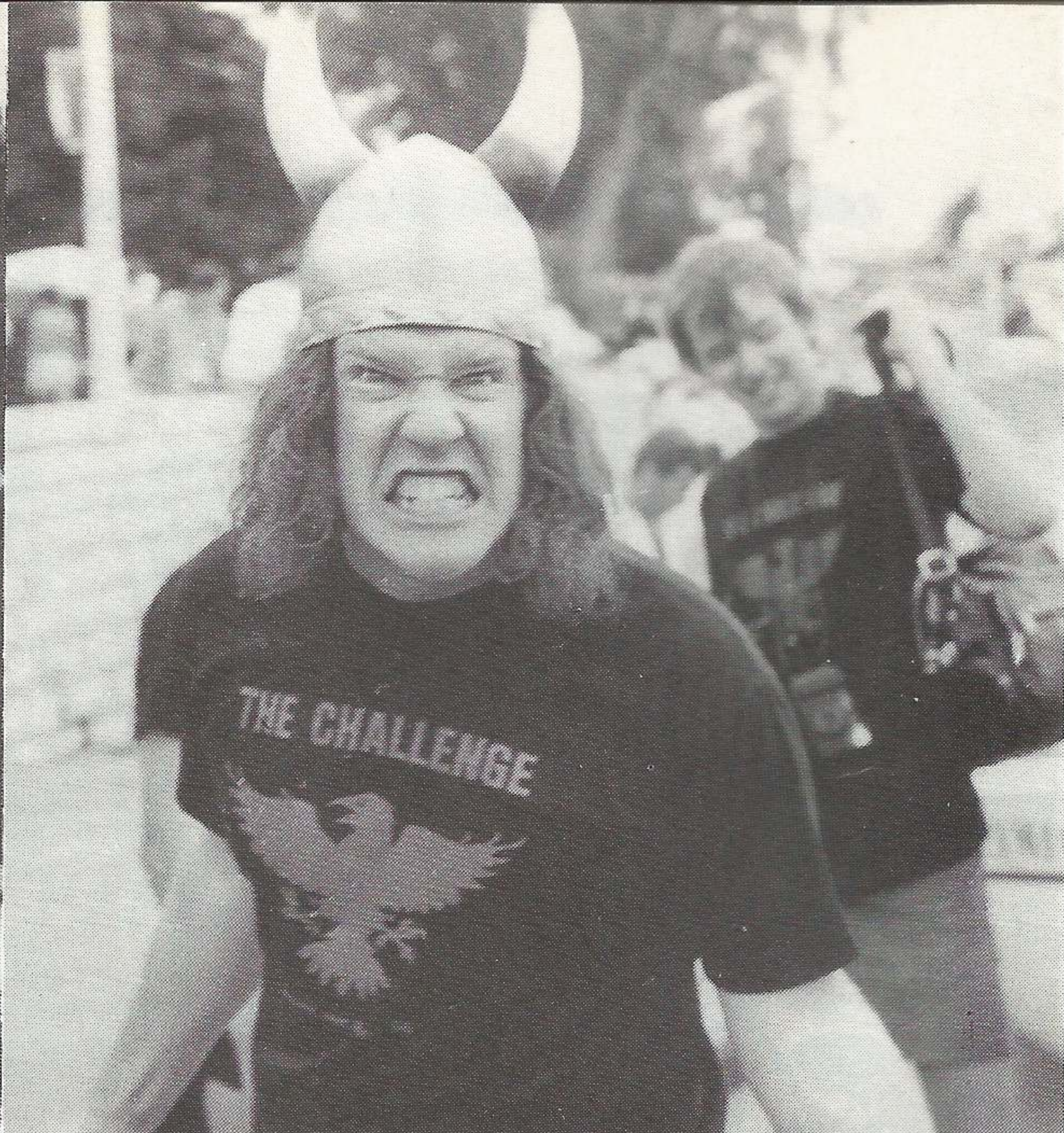


Photo: Paul Jenner

## Sunday June 22

We travelled up to Cambridge in convoy, led by Anne and Dave with three bath-tubs strapped precariously on top of their transit van and Scott and Rob driving behind to make sure no bits fell off, to try out the tubs on a gravel pit, which smelt considerably healthier than the Barnet pond. Dave and Pam Greenfield came along for the day to offer moral support and some good advice on paddling.

Unfortunately we weren't prepared for the wind and waves and in the middle of the the pond the floats, which hadn't yet been completely sealed at the top, filled up with water and the back of the boat began to sink. Those of us on land could hear the conversation from the boat, which consisted of a discussion as to who was going to have to jump out and swim to shore. Declan and Pete 'volunteered' when it became obvious that no-one else was going to and the boat made its way slowly back to shore.

## Sunday June 29

Our second visit to the gravel pit. This time we didn't sink and spent the afternoon taking turns to paddle around. A photographer arrived to capture the event (the photos appeared in *Record Mirror* and *Melody Maker*) and Simon Green came along to video the day for posterity. We drove back to London and left the tubs at SIS, ready to be collected on Thursday.

Saz

## NICE IN NICE

### Thursday July 3 and Friday July 4

Starting in Leeds, the team coach collected the London contingent in Victoria at 3 pm, ready for the long haul down to Nice.

After a fairly uneventful journey, with many stops in 'Petit Chefs' (thank you, Jon!) along the way, the slumbering masses were rudely awakened just outside Nice by the strains of the driver's Neil Diamond cassette. A drunken Jean-Luke Epstein was having none of it and made his way to the front of the coach to enter into a battle of words with Bill, the driver. Mission accomplished he returned to his seat to the applause of all Challengers. We arrived in Nice at 5pm on Friday and checked in at The Hotel Brussels.

Jean Jacques joined us in the evening for a few drinks before we meandered down to the stony beach for moonlit swimming and to annoy the local Americans as they celebrated Independence day.

## Saturday July 5

It's hard work lolling about on a beach — the prime recreation on the Saturday — especially if you are prone to burning. The fair skinned English in that Mediterranean sun frazzled rather quickly, the tune of the moment being the B52's **Rock Lobster!**

That evening we all returned to the beach to watch a couple of local bands tune up on a Radio Monte Carlo float while the fitter Challengers played football on a traffic island.

## Sunday July 6

All and sundry were up at dawn on the Sunday, which meant two hours sleep for most, for the journey down to Cagnes-sur-Mer to register The Ravenlunatic in the 12th Annual World Bath-tub Races.

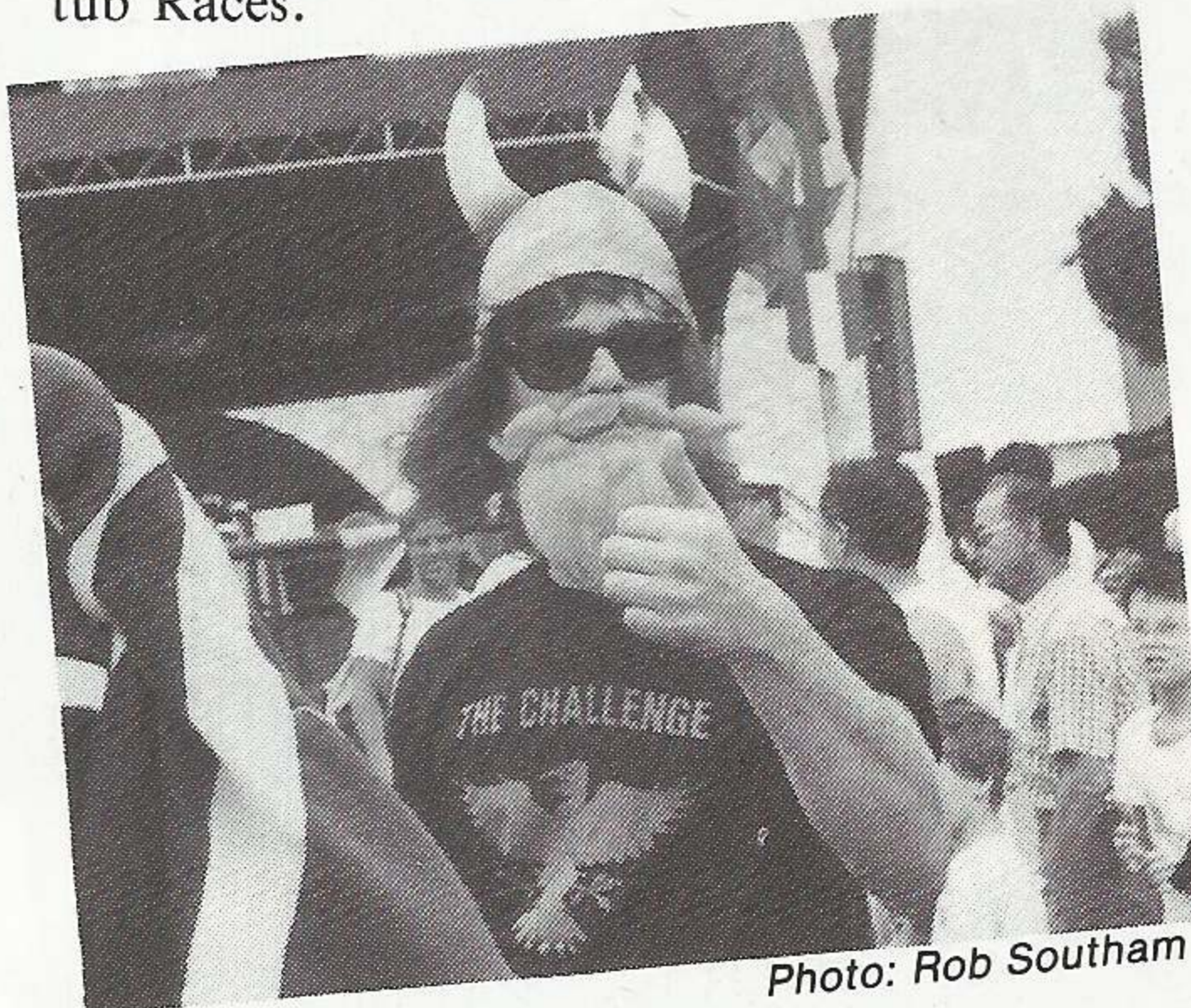


Photo: Rob Southam

We assembled our creation on terra firma and carried it to the judging stage flanked by all Challenge members wearing our black 'n' red **Raven** t-shirts, causing quite a stir on our arrival.

On the quayside the finishing touches were added to our behemoth while the moment was caught on film by *Record Mirror* with moving images care of our own video photographer Simon Green, and also a local surrealist!

Our baby was then taken out for a trial spin in the relative calm of the harbour — for beyond its limits the sea looked ominously rough.

After lunch we returned to the harbour with a flourish spearheaded by a flag bearer and The Stranglerettes, our cheerleaders, the crew of JJ, Mark Morris, Peter Hackman, Grant Loudon, Ewan Smith and myself resplendent in Viking attire complemented with striking red beards and hair. Backed by the entire Challenge entourage we marched en masse in a flurry of tribalistic chanting to join our waiting vessel.

By this time, although it was hot, the sea was mean and moody looking, very choppy outside



Photo: Rob Southam

the tranquil harbour. Indeed, a few craft had already been wasted by it earlier in the day.

As the team lurked on the jetty we met a hail of eggs, dropped on us courtesy of a bunch of Swiss rednecks. To JJ's cry of, 'OK, This is it!' we snapped into action replying in kind with our rotten fruit and jumped into The Ravenlunatic to chase them round the harbour.

After a lighthearted fruit and veg exchange we docked aside a cabin cruiser and awaited our call to start. Our race was the final one — a no holds barred 500 metres for human powered craft. This race had some eighteen starters, many of whom failed to leave the harbour, let alone compete.



Photo: Jean-Luke Epstein

While waiting, an egg-fried JJ was interviewed by Radio France as the rest of us admired the other creations sailing by, including a football pitch, a banana boat, a tank and The Titanic — many of whom, inevitably in the latter case, met the locker of Davy Jones rather swiftly.

Then, our call! The team sprang into action — fists locking around paddles and muscles tensing to create a rhythmic motion propelling our craft as far as... 'The Swiss! Attaaaack!' went the battle cry as JJ, Mark and Pete plunged into the briny to board the vessel of our antagonists while Grant, Ewan and I supplied covering fire with squidgy fruit.





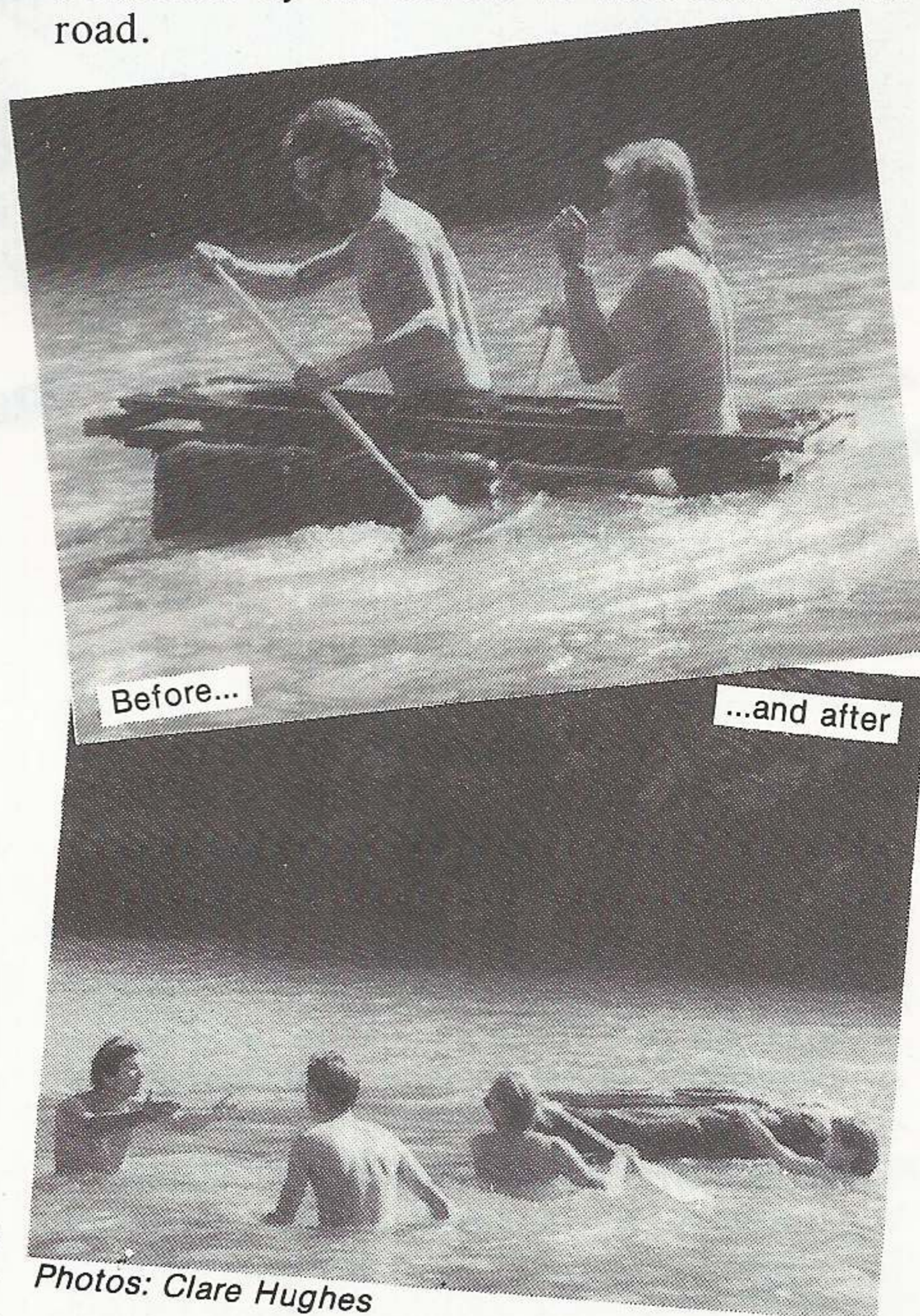
Photo: Saz

After making a thorough nuisance of themselves our Bastard Squad returned to the boat, the cheers of the spectating Challengers and the Stranglerettes' wacky odes ringing in their ears.

#### Monday July 7

Monday was spent at an idyllic lakeside retreat near Grasse, a town famed for its perfume production — indeed, dare I say it, the party visited its perfume factory for a quick guided tour in the company of a woman with an extremely dodgy American -English Fronck aksont.

JJ led the way to the lake in his jeep and pulled in at a roadside fruit stall to buy provisions for the picnic. The coach tried to follow and went straight down a large hole. After some DIY with a hacksaw by the drivers we were back on the road.



Photos: Clare Hughes

At the lake the tubs were brought out from the coach once again for everybody to play and relax in while tucking into a buffet afforded by £100 in winnings — another prize for our efforts. JJ and Bruce Gooding took to the water for a quiet paddle — and were promptly ejected by Ewan and PJ.

Later that evening team photographs were taken and we parted company with JJ, who vowed we would return next year and sped off in his jeep, with the cup.

The journey home from Grasse contained a fair deal of excitement as our drivers declared it was time to 'drop the toilet' and lose its waste in the slipstream ... where JJ's jeep followed! Fortunately for him the coach slowed for the jeep to pass.



The Crew

Photo: Clare Hughes

#### Tuesday July 8

The weary journey back to Blighty on the Tuesday took in Orange, a French Foreign Legion outpost, and a petrol station outside Paris at which we were marooned following an electrics failure. Two hours later we returned to the road catching the four o'clock ferry and breakfast.

The final laugh of the trip came at Dover Customs as one of our party was stopped — and strip searched!

Hitting London at 9, hearty thanks were bestowed upon organisers Nik, Saz & Pete and drivers Bill and Andy, as most of the party disembarked with the memories of a great long weekend in Nice...down on the beaches.

**Paul Jenner**

**Challengers:** JJ, Pete, Grant, Declan, Mark, Jon, PJ, Ewan, Aidan, Keren, Wendy, Melanie, Clare, Shirley, Scott, Rob, Anne & Dave, Achmed, Wig and Jean-Luke.

**Co-ordinators:** Nik and Saz

**Revellers:** Patrick, Jacquie, Paul, Chris & Jayne, Katherine, Brian, Tina, Linda & Jake, Billy, Darren (surfer!), Andrew, Leo, Neil, Steve & Clare, Helen, John, Claire, Ian, Simon and Andrew.

Thanks to Pearl & Neville at Baths of Distinction, Spaceward Studios and drivers Bill & Andy (See you next year!).

A video of the trip (on VHS or Beta) is available for £10 from Simon Green, 3 Falcon Way, Buckden, Huntingdon, Cambs PE18 9UU. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Simon Green.



Photo: Jean-Luke Epstein  
We've come from England down to Nice  
To win this bloody bath tub race  
Go Vikings go Vikings  
Go Vikings go Vikings  
Go Go Go!

Charging Gung-Ho style headlong into three foot breakers we went for broke, narrowly missing other boats in an effort to distance ourselves from a rapidly encroaching shoreline.

Then — disaster! A wave crashed into our bows, turning us clean over. We tried in vain to right her as the bath-tubs did as they should — hold water, only to end up beached and become part of the day's jetsam.

The French newspaper *Nice Matin* said of our efforts that we didn't even have time to 'invoke Nelson' to save us from our predicament — but the Union Jack was to be seen as I emerged from the surf with our flag, salvaged from the mast.

The Challenge was invited back to Cagnes in the evening for the prize giving ceremony. As our forty strong party entered the proceedings we were given a standing ovation and invited to mix with the other competitors to partake in an excellent buffet.

The evening's greatest surprise came as The Ravenlunatic and crew were awarded a memorial cup and medals, probably for being English and jolly good sports.

JJ accepted with a speech in French stating the geographical differences of the party, adding that God had smiled on us by providing English weather on the day ... to no avail. After a few more speeches from a sycophantic mayor who foamed at the mouth the party drank large quantities of cheap plonk and ambled to the nearest SNCF station, where all forty managed to avoid paying the fare!



# BURNEL EN FRANÇAIS



Photo: Eva Everything '85

The following interview first appeared in French in the March issue of *Black & White* magazine which is produced by SFS (Strangers France Service).

Translated by Kate Jones

*What does 1986 hold for you and the band as a whole?*

Well, after three months in a Brussels studio we had only really finished three songs and those songs aren't even going to be on the album. We weren't at all happy with things. This new album will be harder musically and, for us, spending months and months on one track isn't the best way of working. Everything's going better now we're producing the album. We are also going to rehearse the tracks, they demand a lot of spontaneity.

So it will be a busy year for The Strangers. In spite of this I might have time to do some biking and prepare a new solo album. We will also tour, perhaps in France and the States where **Aural Sculpture** was Number One in the College Charts.

*Tell us more about your solo album.*

If it comes off, I will call it "Burnel en Français" (Burnel in French). I'll use tracks which I've written but which have not been used by the band and others which could not have been used by the band because

they are so different from Strangers' songs. It might be very melodic, rather on the lines of **Detective Privé** on **Fire and Water**. But for the lyrics I will certainly turn to Boris Bergman, who wrote the lyrics for Bashung. We know each other well — I often see him in London and he's very interested by the project. As for me, I haven't much faith in my "French" (laughter)... In any case, I have the themes and the ideas — they only need to be transcribed.

It's really the first time I have worked like that but I think it will work. Dave will certainly participate on the keyboards.

*Will it be on the subject of Europe again, a **Euroman II**?*

No. I've already done **Euroman I** and with the passing of time it seems outdated as regards sound and lyrics — a bit of a period piece. I even wonder if some of the rhythm boxes I used on it aren't museum pieces now. In some ways it shows a naive, innocent period, whereas I have learned a lot in the studio since then. The next album will be different.

*Don't you think that **Euroman Cometh** came out a little too early, musically and ideologically speaking?*

Musically speaking, yes. But then The Strangers have always been one or two years ahead. Production like that on **The Gospel According to...** is very trendy nowadays and yet this album dates back to 1981 — that's five years ago. Obviously, we could have made more money if everything had come out at the right moment.

Ideologically **Euroman Cometh** didn't come too early, the idea of Europe is not a new one — we have been talking about it for centuries.

*Would you like to have other projects, at the same time as The Strangers, involving the cinema, competitive sports or a sect for example...?*

Yes. In fact I was offered two cinema rôles this autumn. I must think about it — I don't claim to have any acting ability but the idea intrigues me. In any case I still practise karate. I teach at a club along with a friend who's also a black belt — we've got a good bunch of kids.



As for a sect... we are working on something. I can't say any more for the moment... *You are now involved in the band's promotion, is this out of choice? Are you interested in human relations?*

Yes I really enjoy human contact and that is why I am involved in the promotion work. I do interviews because I enjoy intellectual brawls. Sometimes you find journalists who have brains you know. It's rare but when they do they can stimulate me, we can talk about things not connected with The Stranglers and I find that interesting. But most of the time journalists are cops. It's a bit ironic, when I say cops I am thinking of British journalists who behave like French cops: you are guilty before judgement...

As for Dave, he hates that...

*You've been making music for ten years now, have you any regrets? If you could start again would you do the same and, on reflection, do you think The Stranglers have made mistakes?*

Off the cuff I can't think of any regrets I have, but makes me think, in particular of certain things which were beyond our control, like the issue of **Live X Cert**. We regret this a lot because it should never have come out. Unfortunately, that's what happens to bands with E.M.I. They recorded all our concerts at the time and, after three albums, our repertoire wasn't very extensive. The recording is inaudible and it is surprising that people could find it interesting.

Another thing I regret is the sleeve for the **Collection 77-82** album. We weren't with E.M.I. anymore, so we didn't have any control over the artwork and the girl's just awful... yuk!!

I also regret the fact that Hugh was arrested for possession of drugs, that caused us a lot of hassle. I'd rather he'd been arrested with a Kalashnikov — he'd have got more of a kick out of that.

I've no regrets musically. I think we have followed our career as we should have, isolated from others by necessity, as everyone ignored us. Nobody wanted to have anything in common with us — we were lepers of a sort. Mind you, that suits us fine now.

*You seem really keen on production. Are you going to see Jean-Jacques as a full-time producer at some time in the future perhaps?*

Oh, no! I do it out of interest and more particularly when I have time, as The Stranglers come first. But it's true that I'm really interested in getting involved in a band's project. It's great and what's more you learn a lot. I can pinch ideas and use them for The Stranglers.

*In the beginning you were interested in French-speaking groups and for some time now you have widened your horizons with Japanese, Norwegian and even American bands. Why and according to what criteria do you decide to produce a band?*

My first production was with Lizard, a Japanese band, then with some English groups. I then produced Taxi-Girl's **Seppuku** and two albums for Polyphonic Size. At the moment I'm producing a Norwegian band, Pink Pop. They're very laid back, too laid back for the English. I'm also going to work with a Belgian band, Revenge, who are very

hard and punky and with a female Norwegian rock star called Beranek. I've also worked with Play Group — I think that was my worst production, but that's another problem.

I only decide to produce a band if I am really interested and motivated because sometimes I just don't get off my arse, particularly if The Stranglers have a heavy timetable.

*When you were producing Taxi-Girl you said a lot of good things about French rock music — that people should take an interest in it and that it was going to be important. Do you still have the same opinion?*

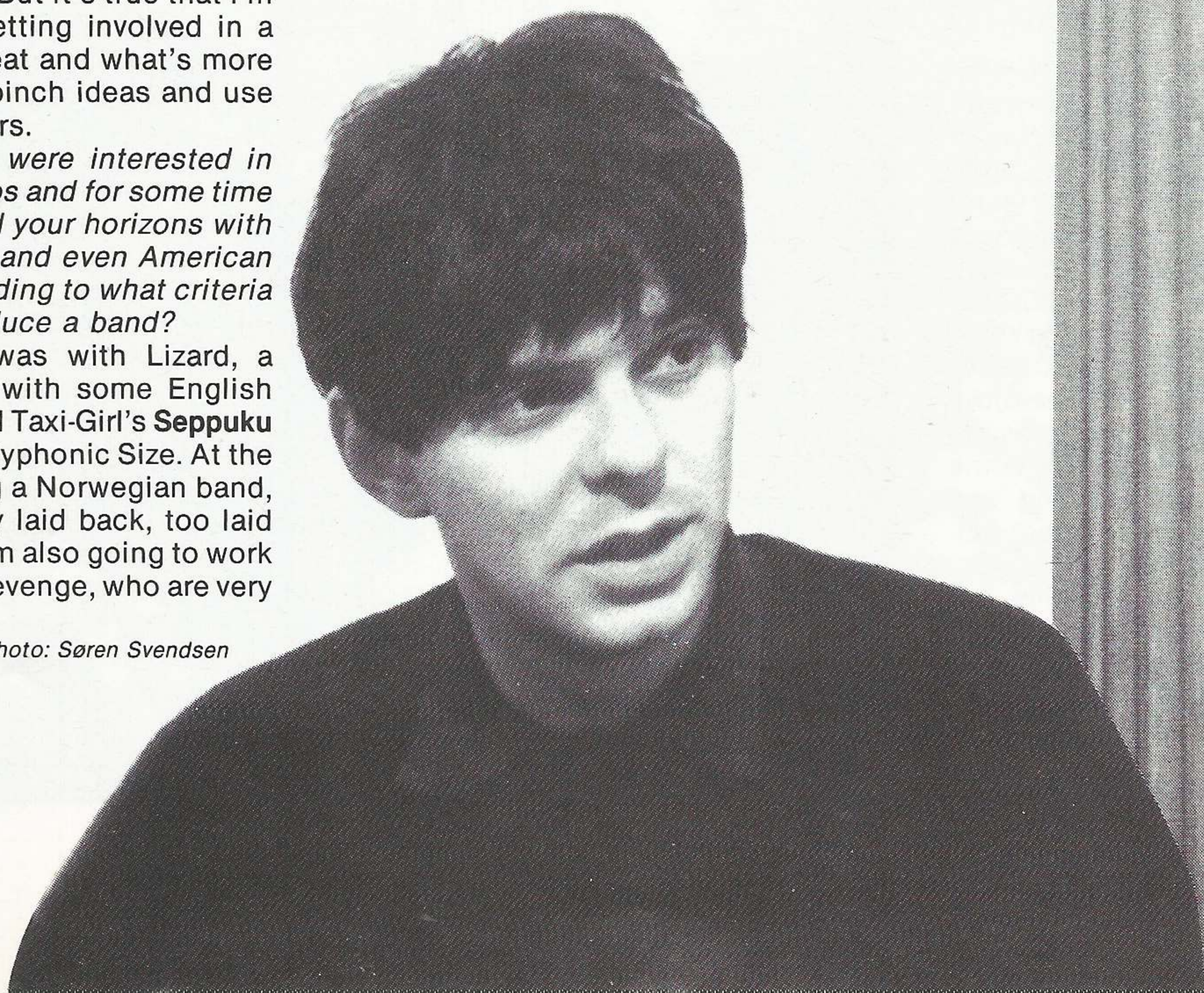
Yes, French rock music should be international but for music to be international it must have a rhythm, a sound, a language. In France the handicap is the rhythm and the language, although a group like Taxi-Girl has proved that you can rock in French. It must also be said that there is an inferiority complex, because when I was producing them, some people said, "You can't rock in French, if you sing in French". It's true. It must be realised that English is the world's first language and the source of success. In a world where the economy is dominated by America and soon by Australia too, it is important to be able to communicate. The other problem is that, for generations, France has possibly "invested", or certainly gambled, too much on lyrics — the poetic aspect now counts more than the music and rhythm.

The problem is that the French are not very in touch with sound and rhythm. When I listen to the production I find that they still haven't quite got it... In fact that's why some French artists are starting to come to England to record, as well as many Americans and even The Stranglers...

*How do you feel about the fact that you have influenced a large number of people, as a member of The Stranglers and as a prominent bass player?*

It's difficult to say. I don't know how far we have influenced some people more than others. It's obvious that when a band is exposed to the public, after only six months or a year of their career, they become part of everyday life. I'm sure that The Stranglers are now part of everyday life. But as for measuring the influence we have, I've no idea... But I know, and sometimes it's obvious, that people are copying us, no more so than we have possibly been

Photo: Søren Svendsen





influenced by some groups. Many would say, "Hey this brass section on **Aural Sculpture** reminds me of someone...."

Many people refuse to recognise our influence. It's never been trendy to follow The Stranglers. But I can assure you that a lot of bands have been influenced by our history and our music and that's always a compliment, isn't it?

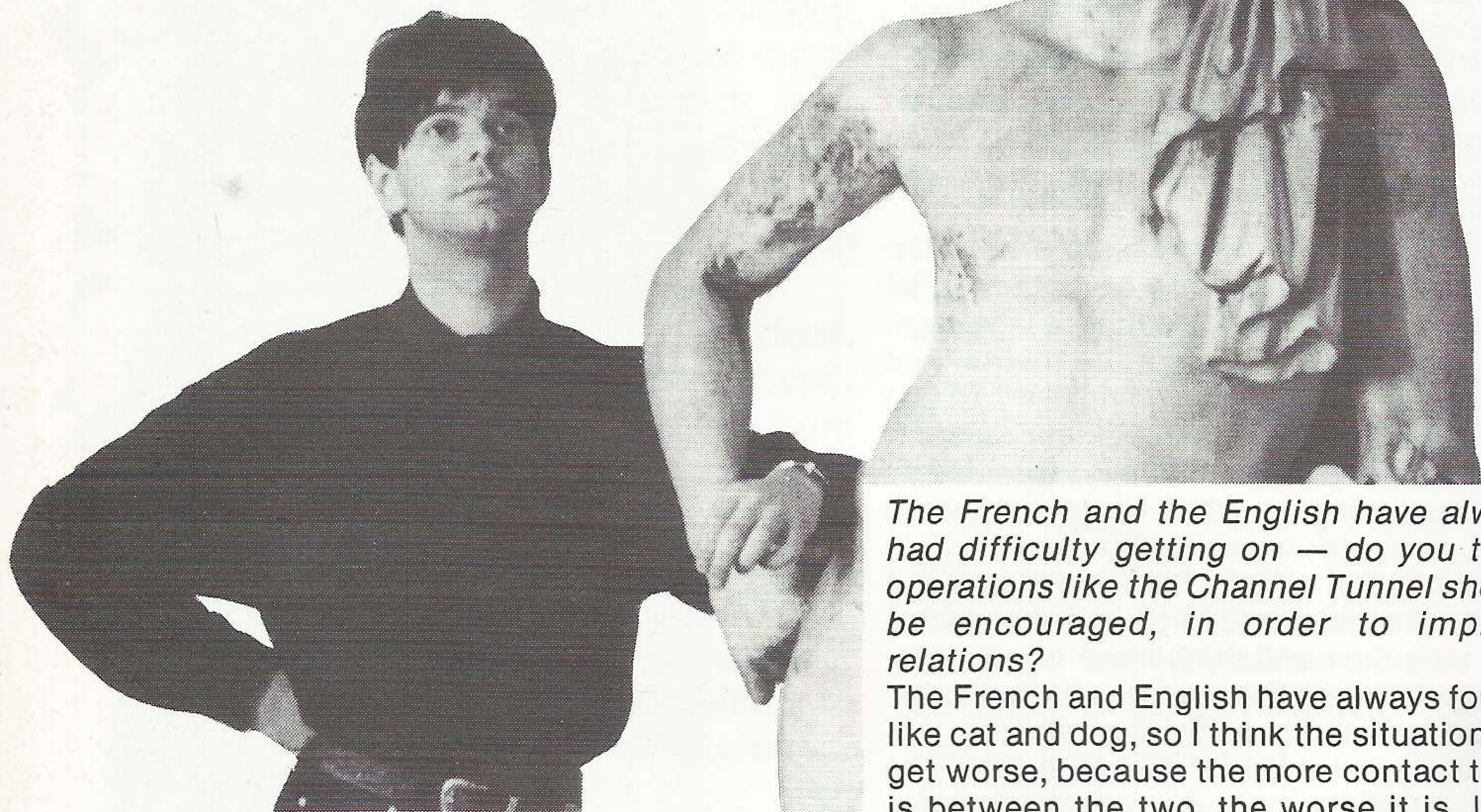


Photo: Søren Svendsen

competition is sad and goes back a long way to the time of navigators, monarchies, colonies etc... But I live in the hope that I will one day see them reconcile themselves once and for all.

*The Damned have just changed their music radically. You were the last survivors of the punk era along with them. Is this a heavy burden to bear these days?*

Yes, we were part of this era along with them, but you know we were around before them, and they have changed their line-up quite a few times since then, so the only thing they have left of the punk era is their name. Coming back to punk, I think we had a more mature kind of music, compared to the teenage groups. I believe it's always difficult to put up with people referring you back to an era, even if it is such a recent one. Settling yourself in a musical category is a handicap, you should branch out. In fact it would possibly be easier to refer to the punk period in thirty years. Later we will say, "That must have been great in those days, with the music and all that!"

*After five years of waiting, could you tell us the exact meaning of **Golden Brown**?*

I'm surprised that people still want to know the meaning of this song, when there are so many others to understand? Let's just say that I will let people chew on it for a while longer.

*What was the last exciting spectacle you attended?*

Oh yeah, I saw the Great Dolly Girls in Oslo a few weeks ago and they were really fantastic. They are three very good really arousing transvestites, surrounded by three dancers. It was really sensational.

*Are you sensitive to criticism?*

Yes, when it comes from people I respect, but as there aren't many people I respect... Sometimes I'd like to break their balls!!!  
*Which political, social or other event has recently caused you to react?*

Do you want a serious answer to that question?... Well, something which really intrigued me was the resignation of one of Mrs Thatcher's favourite ministers. It was said that this resignation was due to the Westland affair, but it was in fact due to the incompatibility of individuals. This reflected a great problem which caught the attention of the English, i.e. are the Americans in complete control of Great Britain, or better, does England prefer to associate itself with American projects? I personally find it unbelievable that we still doubt the Europeans these days. People still have this idea that the Americans are the goodies, the Russians the baddies and we just don't mention the Europeans. It's about time that this mentality changed and this mistrust disappeared. I could talk on this subject for ages, it's so vast.

*What do you think of Renaud's new song, in which he strongly criticises Mrs Thatcher?*

Some say that it's no surprise coming from a Frenchman, some say that at the moment there are many other subjects for discussion and others say that it is quite admirable for a Frenchman, who doesn't even know his own President's name, to know the name of our Prime Minister. Finally there are those who doubt the credibility of this artist who bears the same name as a company on the verge of bankruptcy (Renault) and who therefore must also be short of ideas. You know, he doesn't criticise her any more than some people here, but she is so strong and insensitive that it doesn't even affect her. Oh yes, a politician said, "Typical, they say that on the other side of the Channel, but would never dare say it here", and another said, "They have never won a war and now they dare insult our Prime Minister." Indeed the media spent a whole day talking about it.

I've no real opinion on the subject.

*The French and the English have always had difficulty getting on — do you think operations like the Channel Tunnel should be encouraged, in order to improve relations?*

The French and English have always fought like cat and dog, so I think the situation will get worse, because the more contact there is between the two, the worse it is. Let's hope that one day they will forget their quarrels and there won't be such a gap between the two. Their temperaments are completely different. For example, the English have no confidence in the French and every time they were partners, it was the English who were weaker. This

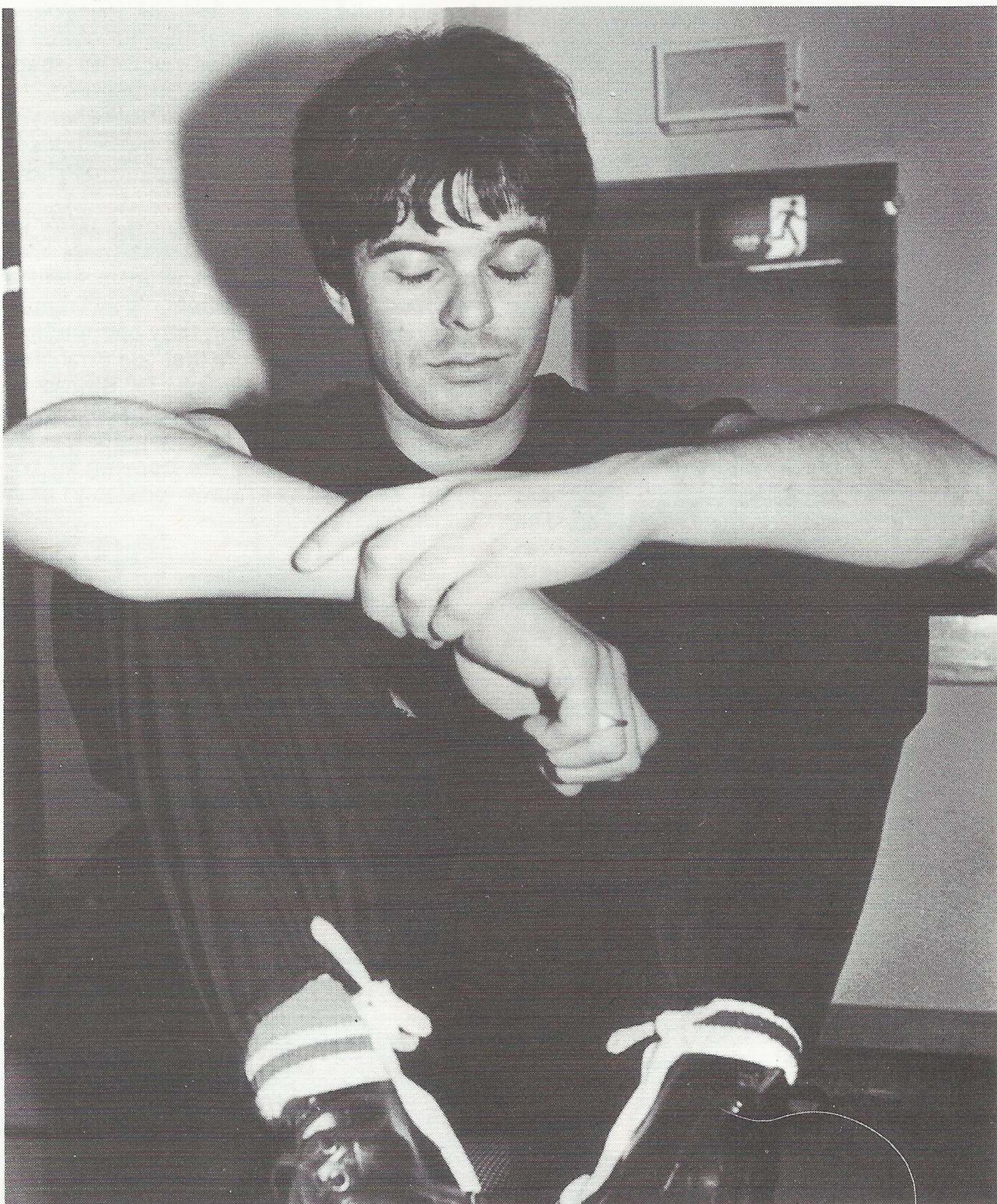
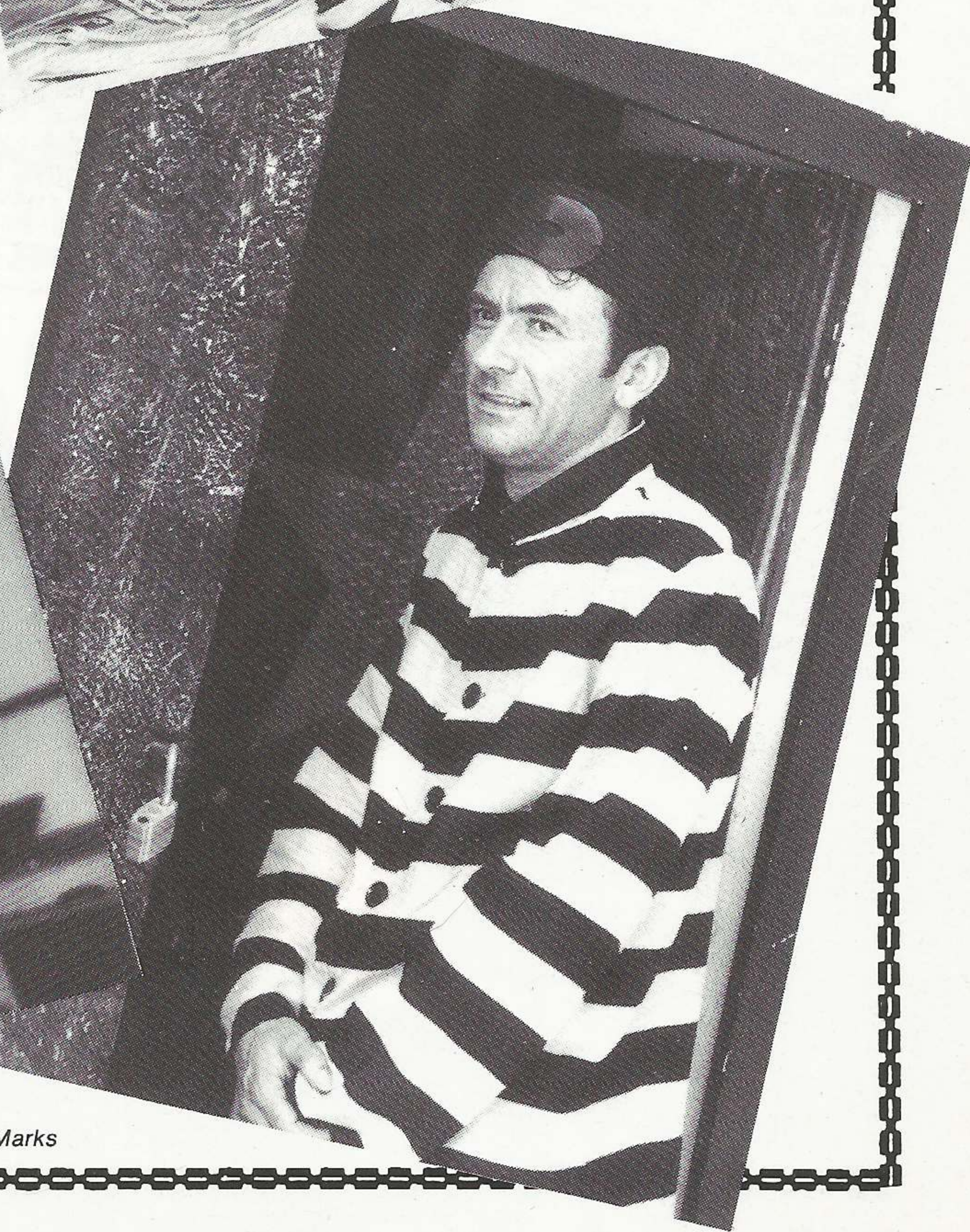
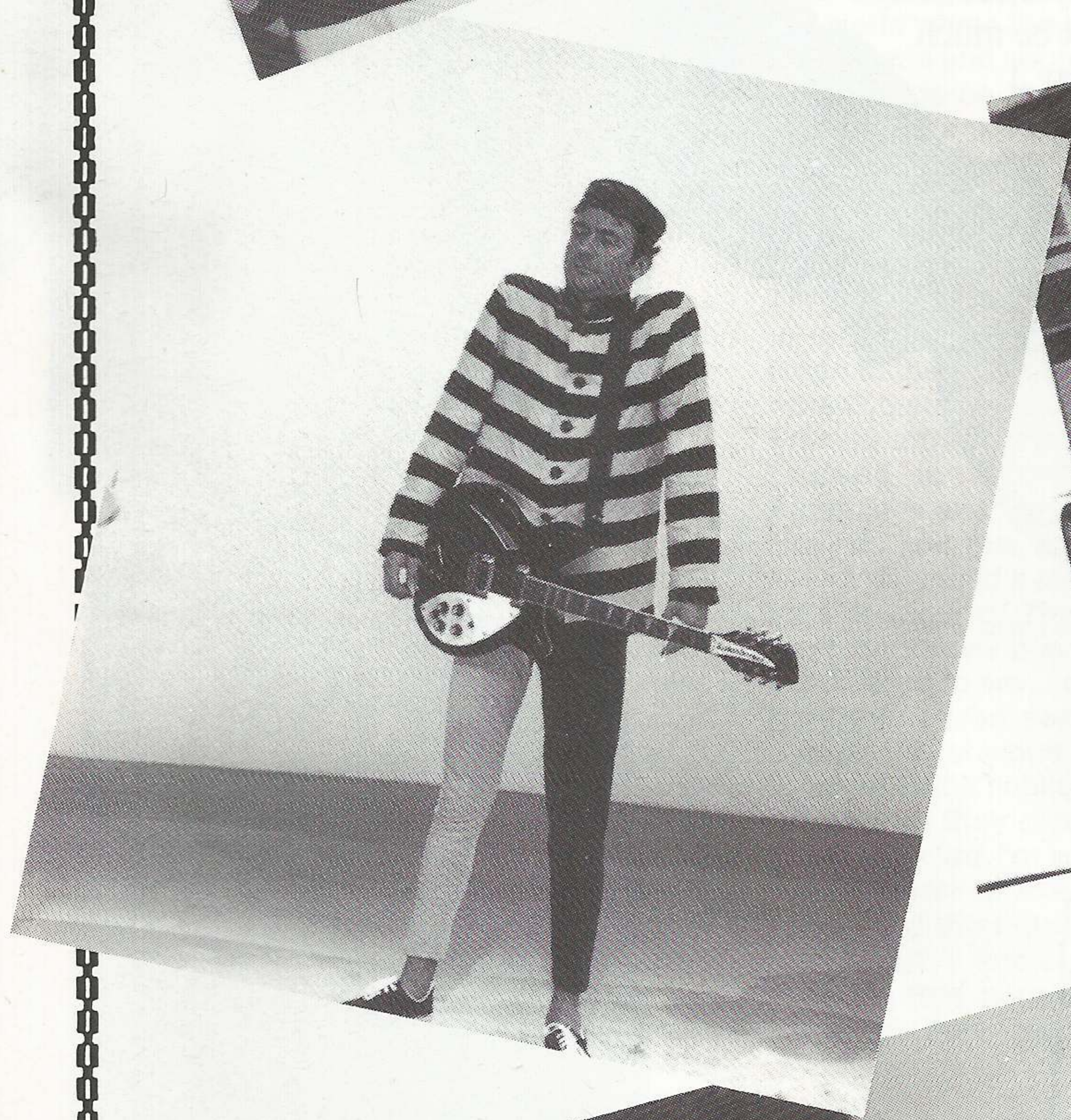
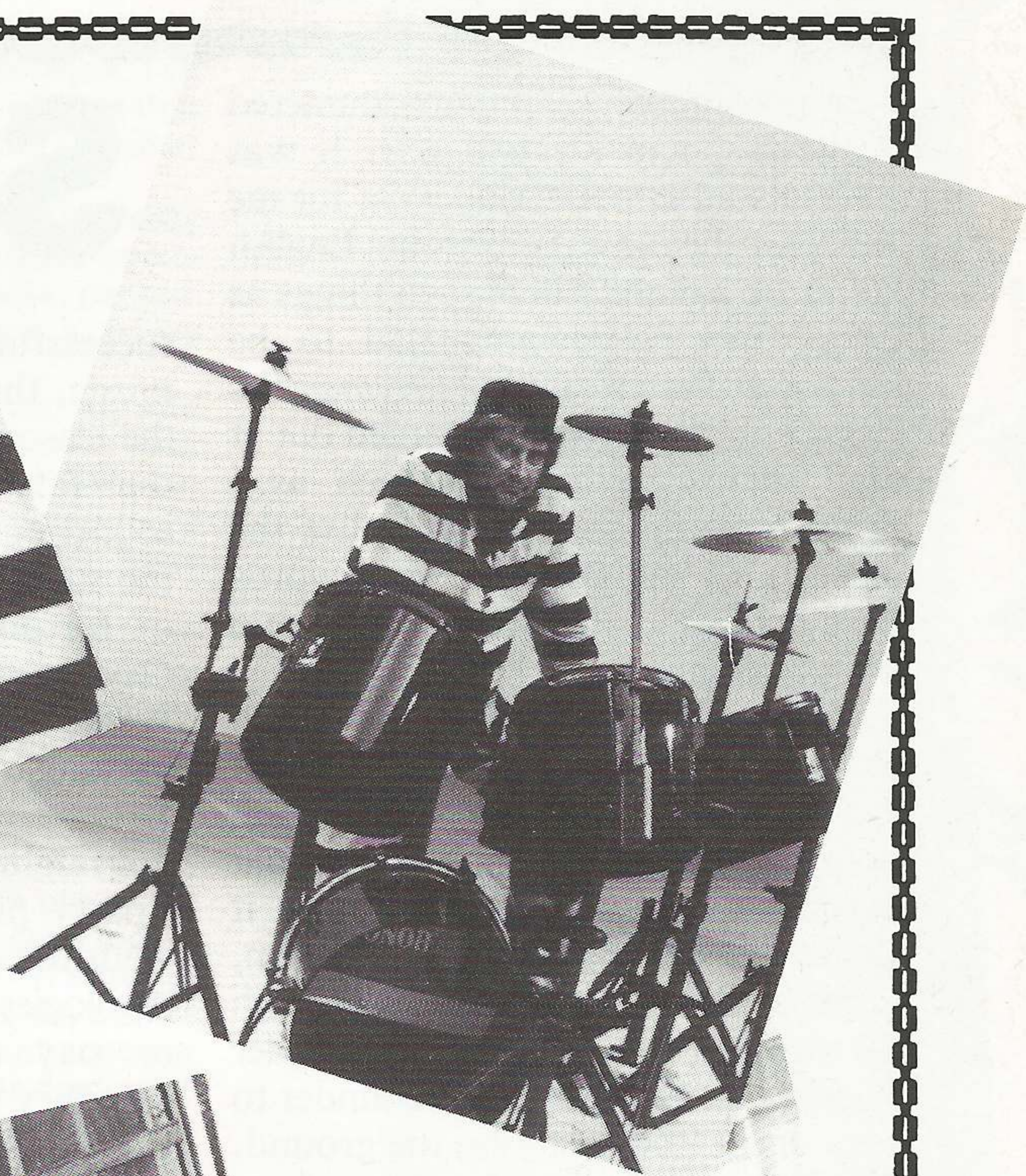
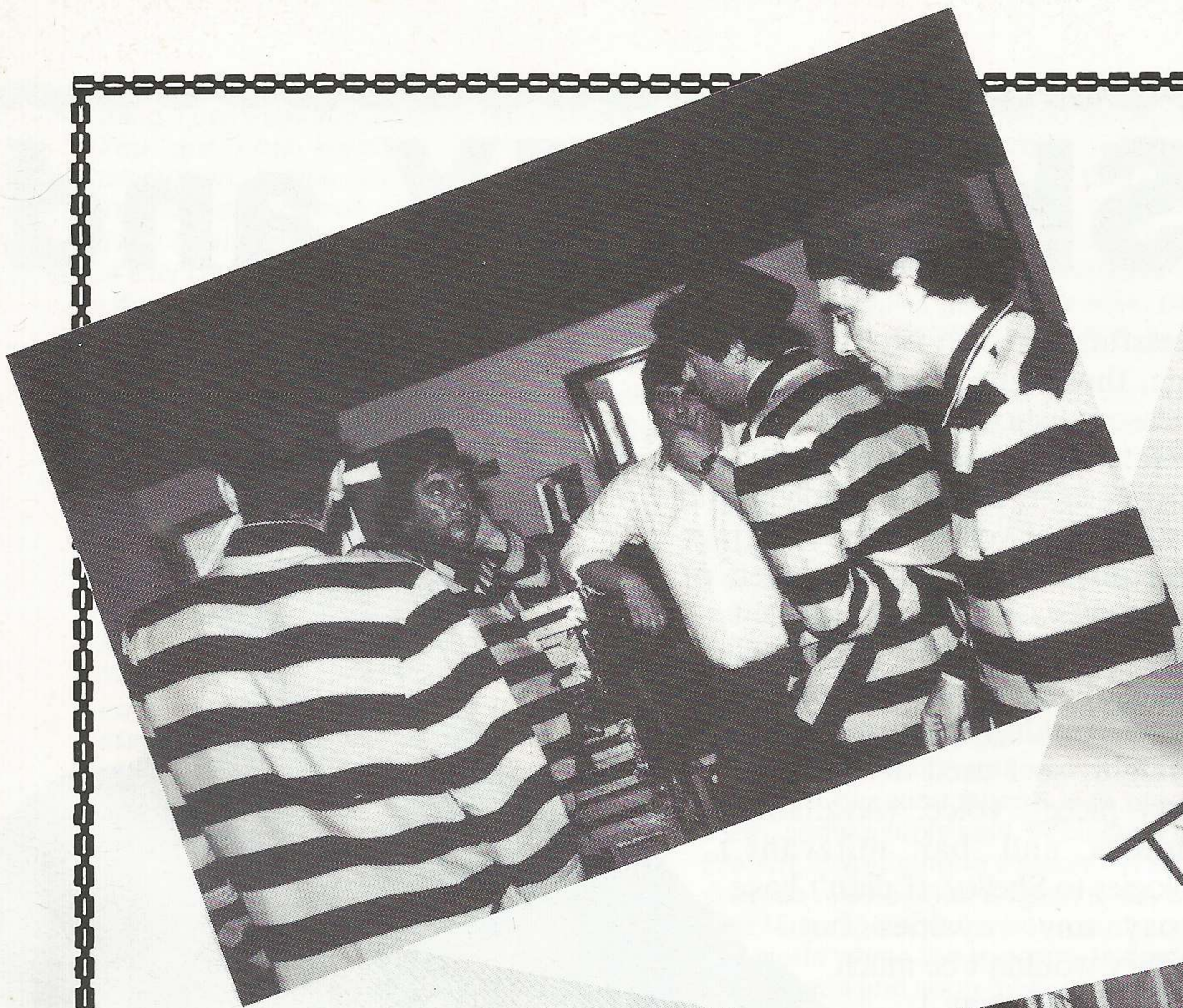


Photo: Yasu Marukawa





Photos: Norman Marks



I am not sure when I first encountered Shelley's poem *Ozymandias*. It was probably at school during what for me were, for the most part, boring English literature lessons where such things as Longfellow's *Hiawatha* had to be learned and analysed. But *Ozymandias* stood out. The words screamed out at me. The sensuality inasmuch as I could actually feel and visualise the scene, and the power of the words were not lost, as with most poetry, up the poet's arse.

Years later I was able to use my friend, for the poem had become my friend, in a context not so far removed from its original one, although I accept that musically I may not have done it justice or complemented it. The poem, as far as I'm concerned, is to do with the transience of existence, a reminder of one's own mortality, a reminder to keep one's feet firmly on the ground. When I see those who have been

# SHELLEY and

successful, certainly in the field of music, those who come and go with the seasons, whose arrogance demands that fate delivers them a cruel blow sooner or later, those who hide behind the superficial veil of fame or power or fortune, then I am reminded of *Ozymandias*. A great poem.

When I recorded the poem over a backing track for the B side of **Freddie Laker** I couldn't bring myself to do it straight, so I used my Richard III "party piece" voice. (Available for weddings and bar mitzvahs.) Apologies to Shelley. (I didn't have to pay any royalties but then they wouldn't be much use to him anyway.)

**J J Burnel**

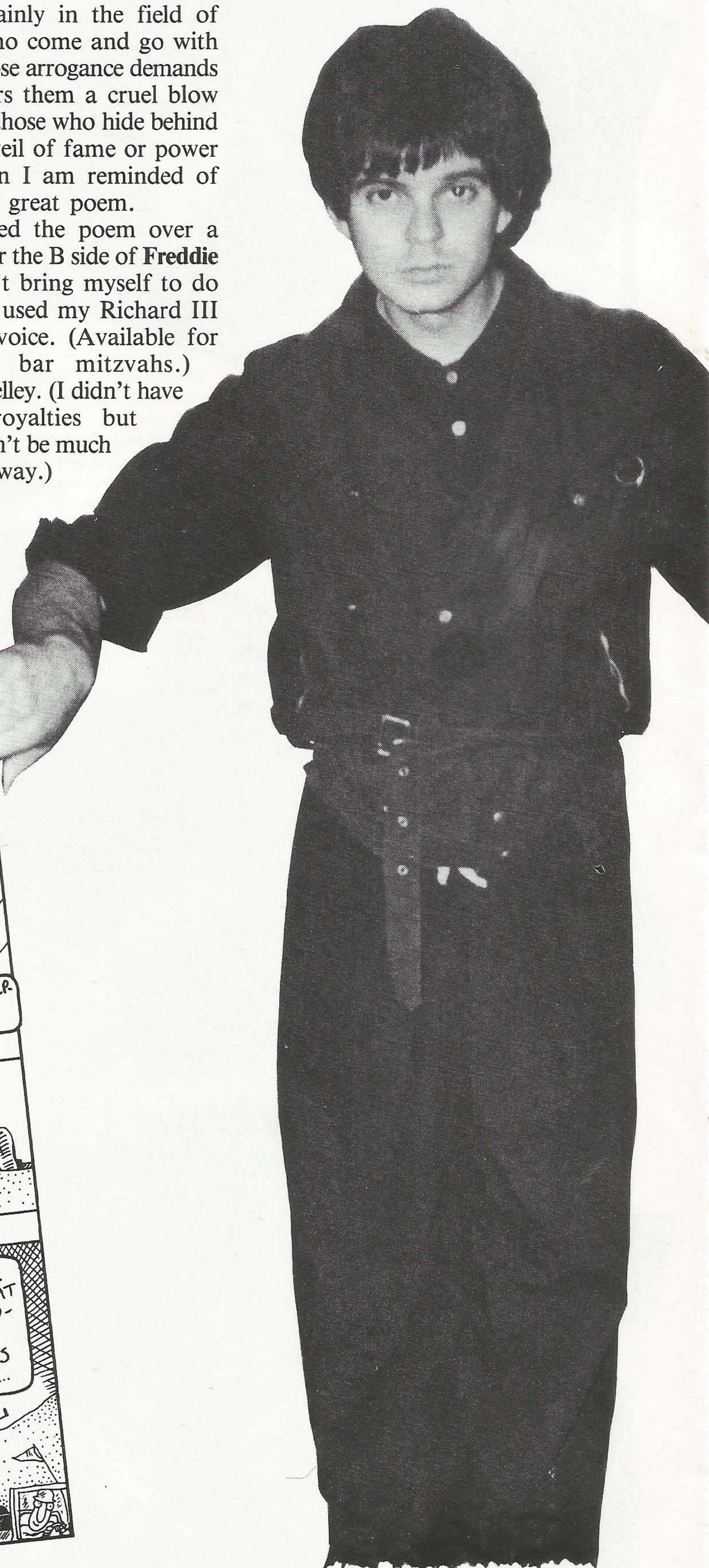
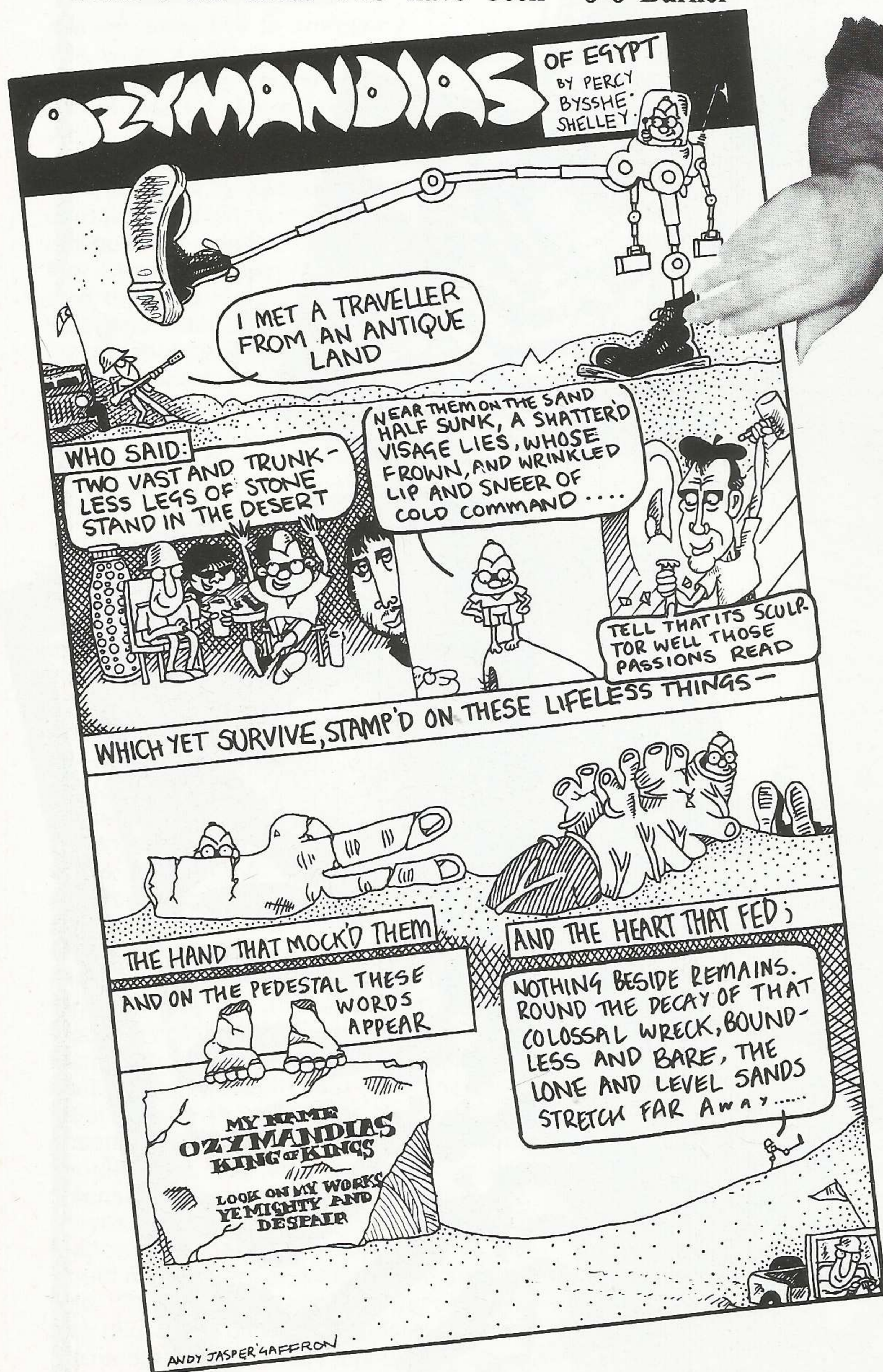


Photo: Yasu Marukawa



# OZYMANDIAS



National Portrait Gallery

There will always be Shelley devotees, but this brief article is not for them. The angel they seek can be found in those innumerable slim selections of Shelley's lyrics, whose contents have remained virtually unaltered since the first anthology of 1829, a French edition in an olive cover. Many years after his death Wordsworth called him, 'one of the best artists of us all; I mean in workmanship of style'. By the end of his life Shelley had mastered and translated from Italian, Spanish, German, Latin and Greek, and had rendered several fragments from Arabic. This fact alone bears the hallmark of an unusually gifted man.

From the very start he was a poet who interested himself in political and philosophical ideas, rather than purely aesthetic ones. In contrast with his younger contemporary John Keats, Shelley's letters and essays are rarely concerned with the subject of poetry as such. It is in this context that one can say Shelley has never been a poet's poet. Throughout his life Shelley's major creative effort was concentrated on producing a series of long poems and poetic dramas aimed at the main political and spiritual problems of his age and society. He accompanied these with a brilliant but little known series of speculative essays on more practical aspects of the same problems.

One can speak of Shelley as a writer in the most comprehensive sense: poet, essayist,

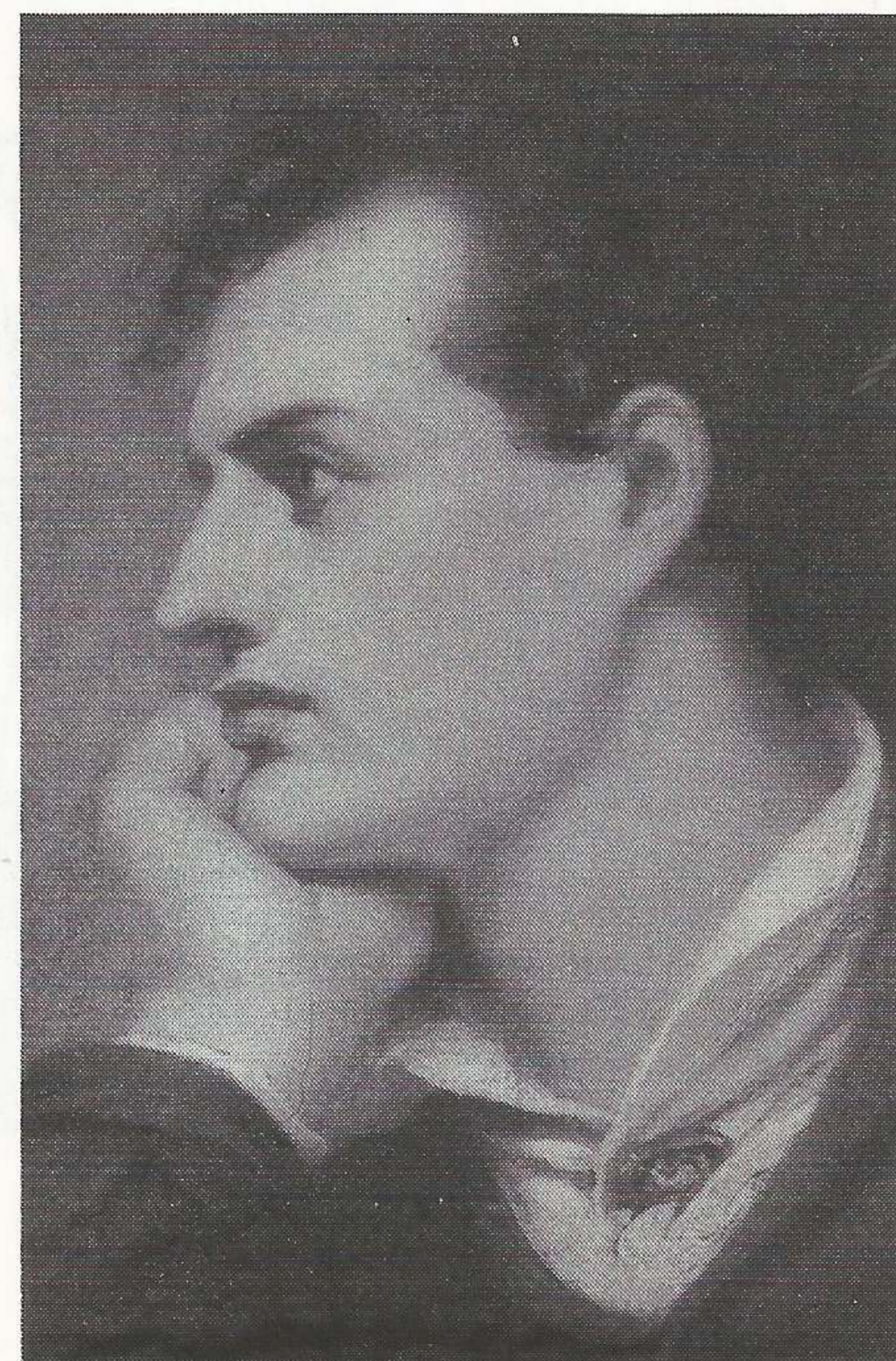
**Dr Don McCrory MA PhD, is Director of Modern Languages at the American International College of London. He also lectures in European literature and is the author of four published volumes of poetry. The latest volume appeared in March 1986. He recently won first and second prize in the Fleetwood Festival (Northern Arts Festival) Poetry Competition and his poems have been 'anthologised'. Here he looks at the sonnet *Ozymandias* which JJ Burnel felt inspired to set to music in 1979 and at Shelley, its author, who died tragically young.**

dramatist, pamphleteer, translator, reviewer and correspondent. He was moreover a writer who had an acute feeling for the historical moment and an almost over-whelming consciousness of his duty as an artist in the immense and fiery process of social change of which he knew himself to be a part. From the age of nineteen Shelley passed through a series of personal crises, dictated partly by chance but increasingly by choice, which had the cumulative effect of forcing him further and further away from the family, class and cultural background into which he had been born. By the time his life had been cut short, one month before his thirtieth birthday, he was a complete exile, both geographically and spiritually. The

encroaching condition of exile plays a crucial role in his story. At the time of his death his reputation was almost literally unspeakable in England. In this he was quite unlike his aristocratic friend and rival Lord Byron who, though similarly exiled, had a tremendous popular following at home and had achieved perhaps the greatest international readership of his age. Whereas exile had brought Byron fame and glamour it brought to Shelley both literary obscurity and personal disrepute. A few days after Shelley's death, Byron wrote to a friend in London, 'There is thus another man gone about whom the world was ill-naturedly and ignorantly and brutally mistaken'. But, to be fair, it was a mistake which his Lordship himself had often helped to compound!

Nowadays of course, things are different and our perception of Shelley is likewise very different. What brought about this change? The decisive modern re-interpretation of Shelley began in America. It may be said to date from the biographical work of Newman Ivey White, and the textual scholarship of F. L. Jones. Both men began a movement which has started a complete transformation of the assessment of Shelley's life and work. (Incidentally one small fragment of his work is the sonnet *Ozymandias*.) What then is the contemporary view of this Romantic poet who as last has found favour with generations of readers? What is really known of him and why should he wish to compose a sonnet which has become extraordinarily famous in English literature?

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in Warnham in Sussex. The year was 1792, only four years after the French Revolution. The English could hardly take their eyes from France where the momentum of revolution had carried the King to prison and stripped the aristocracy and the church of their power and possessions. For some in this country all this was inspiration. There is no doubt that the ideals of the uprising in France (1788) also fired him. For Shelley



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was always to oppose tyranny — in any shape or form — and this hatred of tyranny is apparent in his treatment of *Ozymandias*. Nevertheless, after having lived through the aftermath of the French Revolution, Shelley's early intense idealism turned to despair and in 1813, four years before the publication of his famous sonnet, he wrote this preface to his celebrated long poem entitled *Queen Mab*.

... those who now live have survived an age of despair.

The French Revolution may be considered as one of those manifestations of a general state of feeling among civilised mankind produced by a defect of correspondence between the knowledge existing in society and the improvement or gradual abolition of political institutions. The year 1788 may be assumed as the epoch of one of the most important crises produced by this feeling... The revulsion occasioned by the atrocities of the demagogues, and the re-establishment of successive tyrannies in France, was terrible, and felt in the remotest corner of the civilised world. Could they listen to the plea of reason who had groaned under the calamities of a social state according to the provisions of which one man riots in luxury whilst another famishes for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave suddenly become liberal-minded, forbearing and independent? This is the consequence of the habits of a state of society to be produced by resolute perseverance and indefatigable hope, and long-suffering and long-believing courage, and the systematic efforts of generations of men of intellect and virtue.

Note that in Shelley's view, which is both historically mature and unusually perceptive, the crisis of the Revolution was produced by a 'feeling' and that what he admires is men of intellect and virtue. When we come to read the sonnet let us see if King Ozymandias was such a man.

If Shelley opposed the consequences of the French Revolution, what then was he



British Museum

looking for? Why was he writing anyway, what sort of 'life on earth' did he envisage and yearn for? Curiously enough in the same work, *Queen Mab*, 1813, he makes his intentions extremely clear.

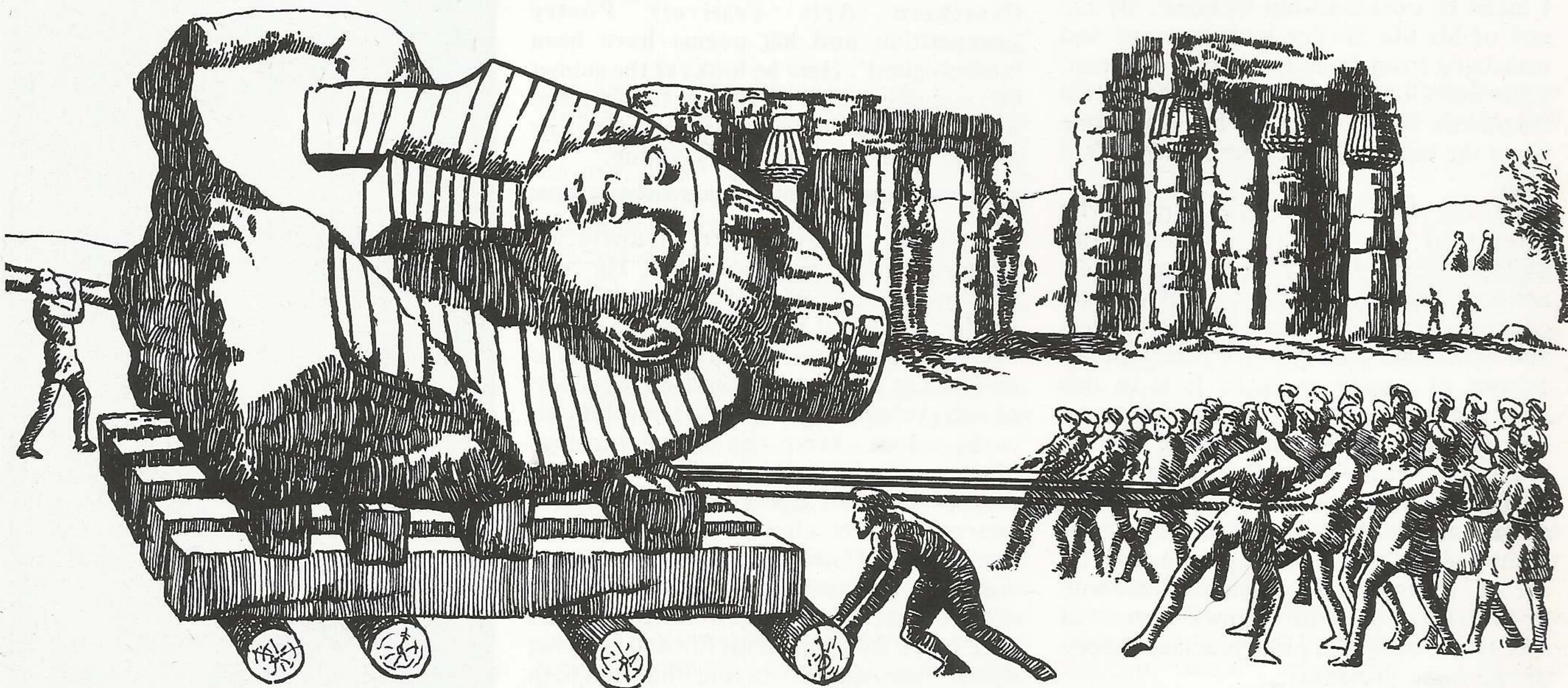
'I have made no attempt to recommend the motives which I would substitute for those at present governing mankind, by methodical and systematic argument. I would only awaken the feelings, so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those enquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the sublimest intellects in the world. The poem therefore (with the exception of the first canto, which is purely introductory) is narrative, not didactic. It is a succession of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence, and devoted to the love of mankind...'

In accordance with Romantic doctrine Shelley here appeals to the emotions: 'I

would only awaken the feelings...' but whereas a large majority of the reading public today may believe that Romanticism means only that, Shelley does go on to express why he desires to awaken our feelings: '...so that the reader/listener should see the beauty of true virtue...'

Of course Romantic poets, whether here or in Europe, sought beauty, happiness and truth, and Shelley was no exception. Inspired by his reading of Plato in the original Greek, Shelley's heart and mind became infused with a 'love' of mankind', mentioned here in the preface, and made him turn his pen more and more towards social and moral issues. Believing as he did in the perfectibility of mankind he saw poetry as the means whereby society could be changed. This being so his perception of the poet and the poet's role in bringing about his transformation for the better is crucial to any understanding of his work. Shelley's own description of his education as a poet, while being a remarkable statement about the Romantic position, is also interesting for its emphasis on physical experience and travel. No doubt many a reader of the present magazine will find much to sympathise with in this account written in 1817.

'There is an education peculiarly fitted for a Poet, without which genius and sensibility can hardly fill the circle of their capacities... The circumstances of my accidental education have been favourable to this ambition. I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes and the sea, and the solitude of forests: Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trodden the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mount Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth, whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities, and have watched the passions which rise and spread, and sink and change,







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amongst assembled multitudes of men. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war; cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and roofless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolate thresholds. I have conversed with living men of genius. The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country, has been to me, like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment.

Such are the sources from which the materials for the imagery of my Poem have been drawn. I have considered Poetry in its most comprehensive sense; and have read the Poets and the Historians and the Metaphysicians whose writings have been accessible to me, and have looked upon the beautiful and majestic scenery of the earth, as common sources of those elements which it is the province of the Poet to embody and combine... How far I shall be found to possess that more essential attribute of Poetry, the power of awakening in others sensations like those which animate in my own bosom, is that which, to speak sincerely, I know not... Although, as has been stated, *Ozymandias* represents a minute fragment of Shelley's total opus, nevertheless in the sonnet we can see the blend of travel, physical experiences and reflection on the passions of mankind which, altogether, make up the

poet's education.

'I have been a wanderer amongst distant fields... and have watched the passions which rise and spread, sink and change....' 'I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war...'

What emerges from Shelley's statement is the *modernism* of the man. How modern he must appear to many of us nowadays! His youth, his intellectual rebelliousness and moral non-conformity, his commitment to social ideals, his search for a meaningful personal religion and his versatility would have suited him for twentieth century literary life. Yet he is always the romantic at heart, closely attuned to nature, hyper-sensitive to extreme psychological states, fascinated with horror and perversity and yet, throughout all, convinced of the perfectibility of the human species.

Although many critics label Shelley's poetry as 'abstract' there is nothing abstract about the education of the poet, nor about the following declaration written in a letter in October 1819, almost two years after the publication of *Ozymandias*:

'Let us believe in a kind of optimism in which we are our own gods.'

But, one may ask, what happened to the optimism which gave initial rise to the French Revolution?

But now to the point of this brief study. Why was 1817 such a momentous year for

Shelley? Why should he be writing more prose and yet be more concerned with social, political and moral issues? Why choose a former Egyptian monarch as the subject of a sonnet?

Very simply, in 1817 the British Museum had taken receipt of fragments and sculptures from the empire of the Ramases, some dating from circa 2000 BC. Among these were the celebrated Rosetta Stone and the massive figure of Ramases II, taken from the King's Funerary Temple at Thebes. This figure, perhaps the most famous of all Egyptian fragments, is carved in blue and white granite. A great deal was also being written in the press about the startling Egyptian finds. Hence 'things exotic', 'things Egyptian' were very much in vogue and one visit to the British Museum prompted Shelley to produce a sonnet. In this way English literature inherited *Ozymandias*, which was published in the *Examiner* shortly before Shelley left England. Here is the sonnet in full:

*I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert... Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.*

*Ozymandias* was one of the Greek names for King Ramases II. The famous lines in this sonnet beginning with, 'my name is ...' etc are in fact a paraphrase of an inscription found on an Egyptian temple and recorded by Diodorus Siculus. The colossal figures which inspired the story can still be seen at Thebes.

Very obviously the theme of this sonnet concerns the ravages of time and the utter futility of absolutism. Possessing absolute power to the detriment of one's subjects is the height of human folly and leads to the worst of all human errors (in Shelley's view): tyranny. We saw earlier that Shelley was vitally concerned with government and with those who govern, and that his intentions were to foster the cause of 'liberal and comprehensive morality'. Given that a poetry competition had been launched based on this new found interest in things exotic (Greek and Egyptian) we can see why Shelley favoured this 'king of kings' as his study.

When we further discover from Mary Shelley's notes (Mary was his second wife) that in 1817 the poet was extremely ill we can better appreciate the theme of despondency, even disillusionment, which pervades the sonnet. Thoughts of an early death inspired him to write feverishly throughout the year. Despite frenzied writing his life, we are told, was now spent more in thought than in action. His wife carefully notes that her husband, 'had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind'. His belief, very strong in early youth, that he possessed the power of



operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society, was weakening by the day. Such wild dreams had faded and had made way for sorrow and adversity.

According to Mary Shelley 'the restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse'. Hence the tragic tone of the poem in which 'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' have a compelling finality. The question remains, however, are we wiser than Ozymandias, for he never knew the irony of his inscription?

For all that now remains is a shattered visage, half sunk in the sands. Quite literally the passage of time has forced the king to eat his own words! Being a king of kings — a sort of universal monarch — his power, like the sands that now surround him, knew no limit. His vanity, self-aggrandisement and relish of total authority are succinctly expressed in the 'sneer of cold command'. He was an absolute monarch and absolutism for the Romantic mind meant tyranny of the sort which gave rise to the French Revolution, and had to be banished.

Although Ozymandias and his rule are over there is no jubilation or euphoria expressed by Shelley. Indeed, the whole mood of this sonnet is strikingly 'unShellican'. Generally speaking Shelley wrote about things close to his heart. Hatred of tyranny and of tyrants was, of course, a pet theme of his, but one on which he usually wrote with

passion, intense 'excitement' and deep subjectivity. Here we find a relatively calm, objective, dispassionate account of a once ruthless monarch. Is then disillusion the theme, the message of the sonnet? Disillusion certainly parallels events in the poet's own life in 1817 and before.

Where now was the idealism and the voice of the revolutionary Poet who was inspired by a divine nature to unlock the secrets of the universe for lesser beings? Utopia perhaps was only a dream in the poetic imagination, only to be experienced, if at all, in the hereafter. What is so moving in this account of Ozymandias is not the sorry state of the king, but Shelley's state of mind. Given that in 1817 he was only 25 we can see how deeply morose and depressed he could become.

Five years later, one month before his thirtieth birthday, he drowned off the Italian coast. He died an alien and an outcast, ignored by his countrymen. True to the Romantic tradition he died prematurely. The facts surrounding his death are obscure but in a curious way he wrote these lines in a poem called *Alastor* (1816) which to my mind are sadly prophetic:

*'A restless impulse urged him to embark and meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste.'*

No one seems to know precisely the sequence of events which led up to Shelley's tragic drowning off the coast of Leghorn. What is known for certain is that the boat

(sail boat), called the *Don Juan*, sank with all her sails up some ten miles out from Viareggio. For ten days there was no certain news of Shelley or of his two companions. Then all three bodies were washed up, too much ravaged to be recognisable by anything but their clothes. The quarantine laws against the plague meant that the bodies had to be dealt with drastically: all three men were buried in quicklime and then burnt on the beach. Shelley's heart was given to Mary, his wife, and long after her death it was buried in Bournemouth beside his son Percy.

As in the words of the sonnet: 'Nothing beside remains'. If we substitute seas for sands the final three lines of the sonnet may serve perhaps as an epitaph for Shelley himself:

*'Nothing beside remains. Round the decay of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare the lone and level seas stretch far away.'*

**Don McCrory**

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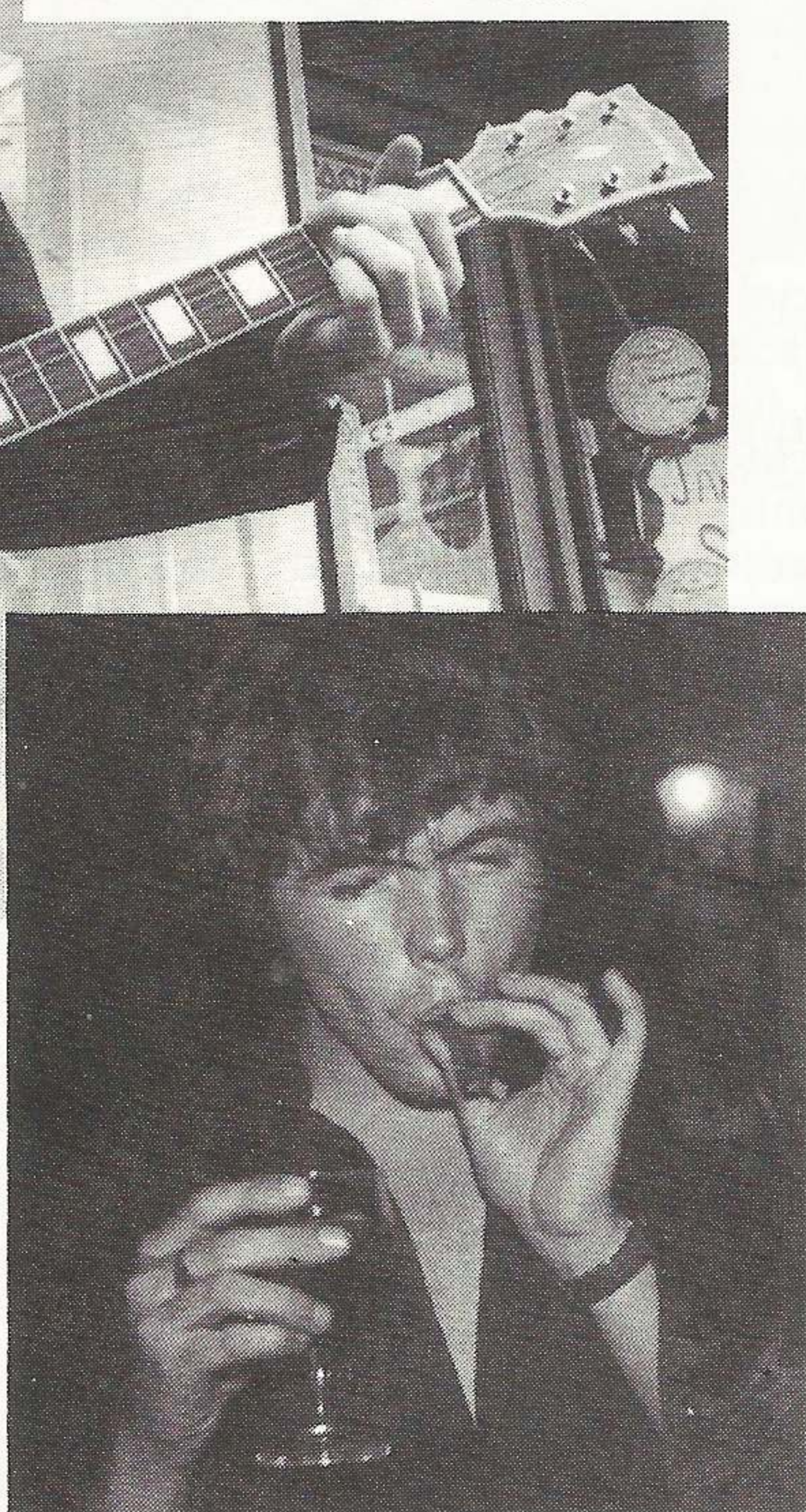
The Dead Ringers competition gave us a few laughs! The winner is a very young Andy Buchanan (for sheer nerve!) and he will be receiving a black hand towel and a **Nice In Nice** t-shirt (size 12 months). The runners up are Colin Williams as Hugh and Brian Smith's dad as Jet. They will each receive a promo **Nosferatu** poster. No prize for the Dave entry, which was sent in anonymously and doesn't look much like him.



Colin Williams, Reading



Bo Egholm, Denmark



Brian Edwards, Greenford



The Dave entry



Brian Smith's dad



The Winner! Andy Buchanan, Stonehaven



# PUZZLE PAGE

The puzzle for this issue is a song search, sent in by Steve Williams. The names or titles listed are hidden in the diagram. They run horizontally, vertically or diagonally — many of them are printed backwards. Remember that the names are always in an uninterrupted straight line whichever way they run. Some letters will need to be used more than once — others you won't need to use at all.

U G L Y L O G O B U D D Y G O D N W  
 E B S C R O Y R M E H A N T E O E T  
 S D E H R R N Z G I W O E R S F A D  
 D H L E A P A A A A D R I E R N A N  
 E A A R U S C H N E C W O U K N I D  
 G C G N O R W W G E L R C S T N A M  
 N U I E A W O O S N E S E B W G P A  
 A P S E N R E P D H I H N O E E Z E  
 H D B U H H O H E A C R R E A H L R  
 C T A T R T A R T A H B B C C R E D  
 R U R E U X O M E S N S H T I I T R  
 E O C O A M O P D E T F E G N H N E  
 T N X E O C E G D A I N E H E O R M  
 T E I N C N I L O V V L A M T O D M  
 E T T M E I O R E G T E E W A N X U  
 B H E G A G V M E T A N N T O L I S  
 G G N S F M I E I M I A H A O H E T  
 N I E E P N L L D N A E H N R D W H  
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 M M R C K R N A A N S S A C E V F I  
 O T U A U N O D L S O P U T U H S M  
 S D L E I G Y B N O K L A W L N Z Y

BEAR CAGE  
 CRABS  
 CURFEW  
 DAGENHAM DAVE  
 DON'T BRING HARRY  
 DUCHESS  
 EUROPEAN FEMALE  
 FIVE MINUTES  
 GENETIX  
 GO BUDDY GO  
 GOLDEN BROWN  
 IN THE SHADOWS  
 LA FOLIE  
 LONDON LADY  
 LONGSHIPS  
 MIDNIGHT SUMMER DREAM  
 NICE 'N' SLEAZY  
 NO MORE HEROES  
 NUCLEAR DEVICE  
 PEACHES  
 PIN UP  
 SCHOOL MAM  
 SHUT UP  
 SOMETHING BETER CHANGE  
 STRAIGHTEN OUT  
 STRANGE LITTLE GIRL  
 TANK  
 THE MENINBLACK  
 THE RAVEN  
 THROWN AWAY  
 TOP SECRET  
 UGLY  
 VIETNAMERICA  
 WALK ON BY  
 WHO WANTS THE WORLD  
 WIRED

# PUZZLE PAGE





## STRIP OFF

### An interview with Glenn Fabry

It seemed an innocent enough request. "How about doing a piece on Glenn Fabry, the author of Jack-in-Black?" asked Paul, as I sat in the SIS office. I detected a slight note of apprehension in his voice, a visible change of expression from Sarah and her advice about having a stiff drink beforehand should have rung the warning bells in my head. Me, an unimportant little school-teacher meeting an artist and celebrity extraordinaire!

"Give me a few days to think about it", was my reply. Nothing if not positive, me! "What

have I got to lose?" I thought, except possibly the price of a few drinks, for Glenn, not me.

So it was on a cool day in April that I set off from Catford for deepest Surrey to meet Glenn, an endangered species, a **strangled** contributor with a sense of humour! I also encountered Nik, to whom I am indebted for his invaluable knowledge of the world of comics. Paul was to preside over the proceedings in his usual gentlemanly manner, there to make the introductions and keep order amongst this motley bunch. We descended upon Glenn, Paul, Nik and yours truly, one Sunday afternoon, myself

armed with a list of questions which turned out to be mostly irrelevant, Nik armed with his trusty Pentax and Paul armed with only his intellectual prowess and a copy of *The Observer*!

As we settled down to talk, having performed the usual idiot test to see if the tape recorder was working ("one, two"), Glenn showed us his etchings, er, I mean illustrations for a magazine called *2000 AD*, a futuristic fantasy adventure comic, currently IPC's biggest seller of its market. Now **strangled** readers who only know him for his work on Jack-in-Black had better prepare themselves for a shock. As you will



be able to see from the illustrations here, or even better still check out the comic at your local newsagents or book shop, the work is very different from Jack-in-Black. The strip is called *Slaine*, the name of the central character, and is based loosely on a Celtic theme. It was originally created by Massimo Belardinelli ("Spell that", Nik challenged me as Glenn reeled off the name into the tape recorder,) but is now entirely Glenn's work. Because the work is so detailed and takes a long time to produce Glenn is occasionally assisted by an artist called David Pugh who can illustrate an episode of *Slaine* in a similar style when Glenn is unable to work fast enough to meet a deadline.

I asked him to explain a little about the state of the art of comics in Britain at the moment. Who reads them?

"2000 AD is basically read by 12-14 year old boys although we do have a cult following of readers up to about the age of 35 or so. The best selling comics in Britain at the moment are *The Dandy* and *Beano* which have been selling consistently well for the last fifty or sixty years! In this country we have a prejudice towards comics as suitable only for the very young or the mentally retarded, but in France and America there is a thriving adult comic market, things like *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* and *Fritz The Cat*. They're more or less taken for granted as an entertainment medium."

work for a magazine which subsequently folded whilst still owing him money. Some years later he met up with his previous employer at a graphics exhibition and shouted that the guy owed him fifty quid! Instead of getting his money, however, Glenn was given a job! At a recent comic convention he encountered an artist who'd been trying to get a job for eight years and was so fed up by Glenn's tale about his own method of seeking employment, and finding it in only two weeks, he gave vent to his frustration by landing one on Glenn's jaw! See, I told you it was a cut-throat business!

Because I had very little idea about how a story gets off the ground Glenn offered a brief explanation. He is sent the scripts, written by Pat Mills, which include the speech for each character and the captions and are presented in panels or individual pictures. The lettering is added by another artist when the pictures are complete. One story will run over fifteen to twenty episodes and there are twelve characters in the story, only five of which can appear at any one time. Now if this is beginning to sound like one of those problems you had to do at school in a maths lesson which invariably involved men digging holes in the ground or emptying a water barrel with egg cups, then you'll already have realised that there's more to this comic lark than meets the eye! When he sees a script, does Glenn have a clear picture of what he wants or

does a lot of stuff end up in the bin?

"Lots of stuff does end up in the bin, yes, but generally you're pandering to the tastes of your audience, so you choose the most violent panel and make it the largest picture on the page and they love you for it!"

2000 AD is an extremely violent comic and, remembering what Glenn had said about his young readership, wasn't he worried about the levels of violence?

"I got a letter from a twelve year old who wanted more decapitation! He was only upset because there wasn't enough of it! I was also sent a picture from a five year old who had very delicately traced it from a picture I did of Slaine decapitating a woman (!) and he wrote underneath it, 'Slaine with

**"There's nothing original going on whatsoever. It's just the way you put the elements together that creates an impression."**

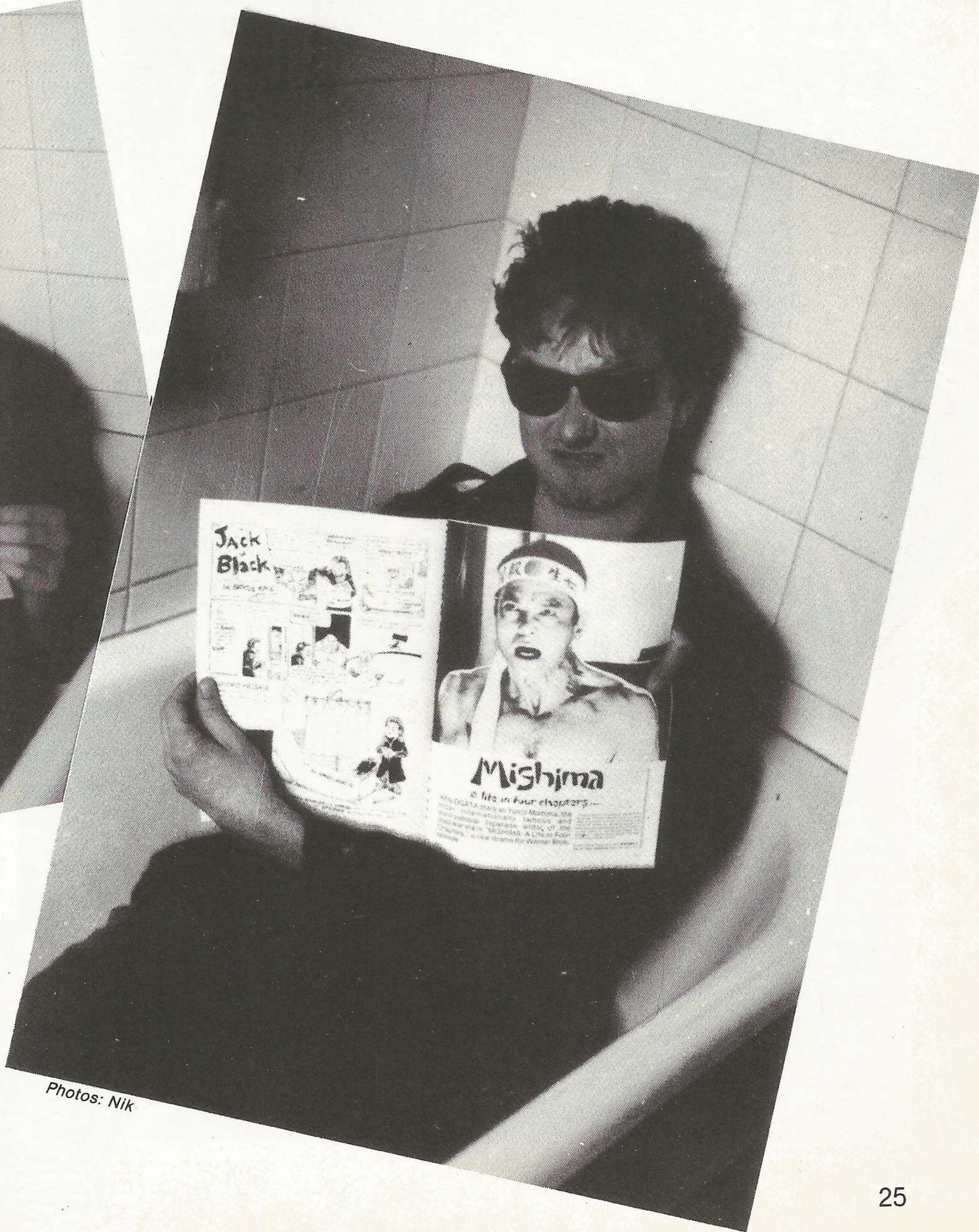
one of his friends!' But generally speaking I'm a bit worried about our audience! Have you ever been censored?

"There's been a lot of worry about censorship. We do have guidelines though. You're not allowed to show blood actually coming out of a wound that's been inflicted on a person, but you're allowed to show blood stains on clothing and so forth, and the



I wondered if Glenn had read comics as a child but, apart from reluctantly confessing to having been a big *Spiderman* fan at about twelve years old, he wasn't all that impressed especially with the standard of the artwork, particularly that of the American artists. Britain and France, you will be glad to know, have much higher standards!

Glenn's entry into the cut-throat world of illustration began at art college in Twickenham, where he originally wanted to be a portrait artist. He was offered some



Photos: Nik



characters can do awful things to monsters because presumably it's not so frightening when it happens to a fantasy creature like a dragon. Although how that works I'm not sure."

So is it difficult to create a new image in comic format, or has it all been done before?

"Oh yes, there's nothing original going on whatsoever. It's just the way you put the elements together that hopefully creates an impression."

Because he works at home, I wondered whether Glenn ever got the chance to mix with other artists, to see their work and maybe swap ideas, or perhaps they closely and jealously guard every pen-stroke! The artists meet together at comic conventions and will occasionally admit to being influenced by or liking the work of other artists but professional jealousy can be a problem.

"They do get very irate if someone is obviously stealing something, such as a style or a particular pose."

So are you living out your fantasies on paper?

"I don't think so. I never fantasise about riding a dragon or killing a Diluvial!" Or chopping people's heads off?

"Well, no, actually when I went to the DHSS during my unemployed period I would like to have had the ability to have just swathed in there with a broadsword and merrily decapitated the lot!" I'm sure that many people would like to have joined him!

It was at this point that Nik asked whether Glenn ever based his minor characters such as goblins on people he knew and I'm sure I saw Nik anxiously skimming the assembled artwork, no doubt looking for himself! Glenn has featured a couple of his friends in the strip but will immortalize anyone if they're prepared to send him a clear photograph of themselves and a large sum of money!

"It would be quite good fun if you put one of the band in!" chirped Nik. "Don't tell anyone, just slip one of them in and see if anyone notices!" I rather facetiously suggested Jean Jacques Burnel chopping someone's head off (decapitation seems to be a major theme of this discussion) and eating them afterwards, but that would be rather too obvious maybe. Not much of a challenge there! (Challenge, geddit? Oh, never mind!)

"Or what about making Slaine look a little more like Jet?" asked Nik mischievously, "or a villain with one of Dave's droopy moustaches?" That seemed to have covered the possibilities for three quarters of the band and left me wondering what on earth could be done with Hugh Cornwell that hadn't been done already, but I digress. When I was browsing through Glenn's work I noticed a sad lack of women characters in the stories. Would he be including any in the future? Do women read it even? Glenn wasn't too sure about the latter because his only contact with the comic-reading public is at conventions and although he met a couple of female readers, their main problem they said was that people stared at them when they read their comics on trains and such like. And the first question?

"There are going to be more women in the new series. They're going to be tough, a cross between those women in *Pumping Iron II* and Greenham Common. The Celtic women, and these stories are based on Celtic culture, would have been head of the family if they owned more property than their husbands, hence women like Boadicea."

So they're not going to be flossy, flaxen haired maidens, like Hollywood's Maid Marian to Robin Hood?

"Oh no, they're going to be awful, horrible great Amazonian types swinging people about, gnashing their teeth and the cords on their necks standing out like tension wires on suspension bridges! Wonderful!" Almost everyone who's been to Art College has tales to tell about their time there, and Glenn was no exception. Like many students he found that college was a great place in which to have four years of freedom to grow up and go to great parties, but the teaching itself left a lot to be desired. Many of the teachers were professional artists, working in college on a part-time basis to earn extra money while keeping their minds firmly on their own work. It was a frustrating experience being unable to learn basic techniques such as acrylic or gouache painting and having to learn by trial and error. Whatever the course, life drawing is usually on the agenda for most art students and Glenn had an amusing tale about the models.

"The models we had were all horrible. It looked like they'd gone down to the local Post Office and picked up pensioners who were going in for their cheques! There was one woman called Gertrude who was about two feet high and weighed, er well, like a Jumbo Jet, enormous from side to side. She

Is he very disciplined?

"Not terribly, but I can be when I have to be. When deadlines crop up I can work for 48 hours without stopping and without hallucinating, which I'm quite proud of! When I first started working around the clock, which is always towards the end of the deadline, I used to start hallucinating and got a dreadful headache. I'd suddenly lift my head up from the board to find the line I was drawing for someone's nostril would be along the carpet and up the wall!" Albert Schweitzer developed various techniques for keeping himself awake, such as putting his feet in a bowl of cold water but Glenn relies on cold flannels on his face and lots of loud music!





looked like the vertical hold had gone on the TV!! That sort of job does attract some odd types, it's a sort of last ditch thing to do to get five quid!"

A million miles away from the world of comics, Glenn's favourite artist is Egon Schiele, born in 1890 and a major exponent of Austrian Expressionism, whose grotesque and disturbing portraits and self portraits were an outlet for a despairing loneliness in his early life. His work was mainly in pencil, gouache and water colour and he was a draughtsman of considerable talent. His pictures linked themes of love, eroticism and death. He married in 1915 and there began a tragically short period of happiness, noticeable in his work. In 1918, with an influenza epidemic sweeping across Europe, his beloved wife died, and he also succumbed to the disease at the age of only twenty eight. Glenn also enjoys the work of Peter Blake, a well known exponent of Pop Art and designer of the sleeve for the Beatles' album *Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band*. But generally Glenn doesn't frequent galleries or exhibitions much, although he says there's 'a lesson to be learned from history'.

So how did you get mixed up with SIS then, Glenn?

"I met Paul on the Est course. The Est course alters your brain, it makes you ten feet tall, you can jump huge buildings with one bound! It breaks your mental chains. Howard Jones has done it and look what

"I didn't invent Catford! You can't blame me for Catford!! Actually, while I was writing the strip I was reading about a homosexual prostitute who was killed there and the name Catford just stayed in my brain."

Jack-in-Black has never, as Nik pointed out, actually met the band, which probably makes him more endearing to those of us who haven't and probably won't and Glenn has rightly, in my opinion, decided that he never will because "he'd be stricken with admiration, faint or have a heart attack!" Now you may be wondering (or you may not, suit yourself) what had happened to Paul all this time. Having settled himself down into an armchair to browse through the Sunday papers he looked over to me and said, "Perhaps you'd like to ask Glenn what he thinks of the whole fan phenomenon."

"Mmm...OK," I replied. "What do you think of the whole fan phenomenon Glenn?" Which brought forth howls of laughter from all of us and hoots of derision from Nik, who started saying "Ha, ha, all my own work!" So boys, I've owned up! Now what was that question again? Oh yes, the fan phenomenon. Glenn has his own fan following of course and signs autographs at comic conventions, but like all true superstars arrives home to the welcoming bosom of his family only to be told by his mum to clean his room out!

Have you met the band then, Glenn?

"Yes, I've spoken to them marginally on the fringes. I'm not exactly a huge wheel in their

did precisely that! So what? you're saying, that's happened to us all. Yes, but when did you last fall into a twelve foot ear and sleep there?! Nik threatened to produce photographic evidence of the occasion and Glenn shrieked in embarrassment, saying, "You're not going to print that, are you?" "No, no," I lied reassuringly, "we're just nosey!"

Does Glenn like the Stranglers' music and what other music does he like?

"I liked their early stuff. A bit morbid though. I listened to a lot of punky stuff when I was at college, The Sex Pistols and The Ramones, really moronic! But I like to see the mega-bands, you know, like Springsteen and Bowie. There's a real sense of occasion at gigs like that, all those balloons and t-shirts, all the things The Stranglers were against in the early days!" I asked whether any of the assembled company thought the band were in a period of decline, and swiftly ducked behind a chair. This brought forth a huge grin from Nik. Thanks to an incredibly noisy neighbour I managed to catch Radio 2 in the early hours of the morning playing a version of **Golden Brown** by the Radio 2 Orchestra! Perhaps, Glenn suggested, they should change their market to Joe Loss! As one of the Pro-Brass lobby, I really like their latest work, but I think the album sleeve leaves a lot to be desired. I've since wondered whether Glenn ought to try his hand at the next one.



happened to him, his hair went spikey! Anyway, Paul gave me a lift back to my home and we got chatting and I got involved from there. It was another chance meeting. A series of chance meetings has moulded my life!"

Glenn has been working on Jack-in-Black for about three years now. I like this little character very much and look forward to reading his adventures when the latest **strangled** drops through the door. The character himself is based on a cross between a Strangler and a Stranglers' fan. A moody guy dressed in black. Far from being hard however, he's a rather pathetic figure, manipulated, naive and staggeringly unsuccessful, although he'll try anything. Whatever the band are into he'll have a go at, whether it's I-Ching, explaining the nature of true love to a nun (his only relatively successful venture) or trying to cross some French water in a bath-tub or two. The ideas come from whatever the magazine is featuring in that issue and Glenn has the difficult task of thinking up something amusing to go with it. My personal favourite is where Jack-in-Black skipped on melted cheese in Catford, from whence I had arrived that very morning. I was, alas, unable to find anything remotely resembling melted cheese there and wondered how the idea came to him. Well Glenn, how did you invent....?

lives! I've met them at rock star parties and such."

Rock star parties, eh? I was very impressed. As someone who stopped going to parties when the party menu ceased to include jelly and ice-cream I asked how people behaved at such events. Are the band all on their best behaviour, behaving as they'd like to be seen and remembered by Joe Public, the music press and assorted celebrity guests? "I don't know. There's just this kind of aura that descends upon someone who knows that they're going to speak to about fifteen times as many people as you are." Sounds like Parents' Consultation evenings, I thought. "They can only really brush across the surface of people. They can't stay and converse. So my impressions are rather distant really, like pink blobs on the horizon!" So, which Stranglers' concerts do you remember?

"None. I haven't been to any."

What?!

"But I've been to a few parties, though."

Yes, yes, tell us more about the parties! Do you have any recollections of The Belfry? (Venue of the **Aural Sculpture** launch party.)

"None at all. It must have been fantastic!" Well, for the benefit of Glenn and also yourself, gentle reader, Nik and Paul gleefully recalled the event. Glenn consumed, shall we say, a reasonable amount of the old falling down water and

What are Glenn's pastimes, when not slaving away over a hot Daler board?

"Skateboarding. It's coming back in a big way. It's ultra-cool since Michael J Fox leapt on to one in *Back To The Future*. I used to be into it when it was first out, and I'm going to get back into it again. I shall be a Grandad skateboarder!"

Tell us about the Roundheads and Cavaliers! (No, this isn't a history lesson, read on...)

"Oh yeah! I went to one of those battle re-enactment society things. A friend of mine insisted that I went, and he lent me a jerkin! It was really silly! They stage their own battles and obviously someone's got to die,

### **"I got 'killed' about five times!"**

and it's very much like those childhood games you play, you know, 'Bang bang, you're dead!' Well, all these grown-up people came charging at each other with massive pikes and they stop about two feet away from each other. One taps the other lightly on the head with the pike, and the 'injured' party goes 'Aagh!' and falls backwards for the benefit of the viewing public, if there's anyone around. You get these people who are accountants in  
*continued on page 31*



# LETTERS

## THE OCCULT

Dear Sir,

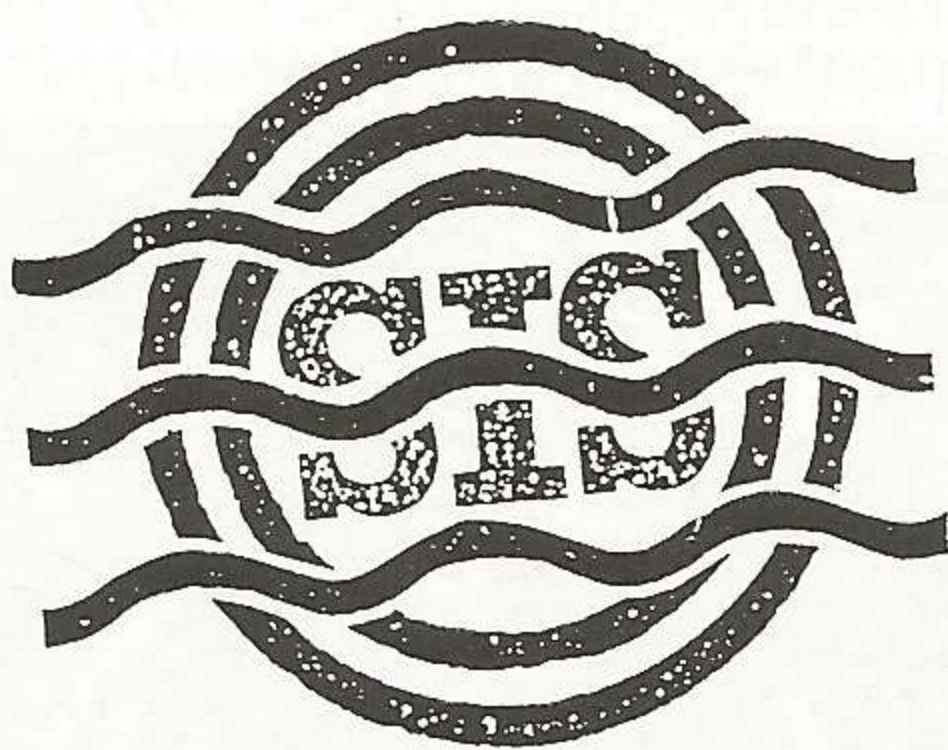
With reference to the **Rat Jet Rap** in **strangled** 23, and in particular the section devoted to the occult, I was strongly reminded of Hamlet's comment, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in all your philosophy' but would further go on to say that not all the things in earth are necessarily so very desirable!

I would agree with Jet Black's comment that all of the occult is fearful, however I cannot agree with the other adjective he uses — 'unknown'. As a committed Christian, I am bound to say that *all* of the occult (and this doesn't just mean 'devil worship' in all its forms, but also astrology, palmistry, spiritualism, ouija boards, clairvoyancy and so-called 'white' or earth magic) is well documented in the Bible as being something inherently evil, and therefore something to avoid.

The fact that many of these 'arts' bear close resemblance to the Christian spiritual gifts of Prophecy and Healing, bears witness to their insidious nature — it is said that the greatest service that Mankind ever did the devil was to stop believing in him, or at least to trivialise him so much that he became simply a figure of fun — after all, who could ever be frightened of a guy dressed in red, with a little goatee beard, and a pointed tail and cloven hooves? The words 'hell' and 'damn' have become no more than another couple of colloquial expressions that we use without even stopping to consider what we are saying! Yet clearly there are evil powers at large in the world: we have only to open the newspaper, or switch on the television, to learn of another girl raped and murdered, another child battered to death, another Pakistani's house burnt to the ground. While these events are not directly the work of the occult, they clearly demonstrate the breakdown of law and order, and may be all that is required to allow occultists the foothold they need.

Man's insatiable curiosity and overweening pride in himself and his achievements are phenomena well-documented by psychologists, and will doubtless lead to his eventual downfall. Most of our interest in the occult is based on the fact that we cannot bear not to know what is going to happen next, not to be in control of our own destinies. We hate to think that there is anything more powerful than ourselves — in this world, Man reigns supreme: he has climbed the highest mountains and explored the depths of the oceans, he has been to the Moon, the satellite 'Giotto' met Halley's Comet bang on schedule many millions of miles from us (even if the on-board cameras *did* fail at the last moment!).

All of our searching is still controlled by one basic urge — to find out 'Why?' Why are we here, what is our purpose, what happens to us after we die? In spite of the miracles of 'modern technology', we still have not learnt to live at peace with one another, despite 'Band Aid' and all the other fund-raising organisations, we haven't yet learnt how to feed the world, or how to share with those less fortunate than ourselves, and even though people put their hands in their pockets to help the Ethiopians and others, many of these same people still make racist remarks, and some will make far more punitive attacks. We have the technology to destroy ourselves utterly, just as much as that to rebuild. The shadow of The Bomb hangs over us all.....



The study of the various occult 'sciences' are Satan's way of probing the chink in our armour, and turning our thoughts in upon ourselves yet again — reading our horoscopes in the evening paper is seen as a harmless bit of fun, although many people take them far more seriously than they would ever admit, even to themselves, never mind anyone else! (Rather like those people who claim, out of snobbery and a desire to appear 'intellectual', never to watch television, but can then go on to describe in detail every situation and character: 'Oh, Blake Carrington — he's that pompous bloke in *Dynasty*, isn't he?') This 'harmless fun' leads on to further things, for example, visiting the local clairvoyant for advice which a good friend could give anyway. I realise that this will be seen as a generalisation, in the same way that smoking dope is said to lead on to experimentation with, and addition to, harder drugs; but it can, and does, happen.

I firmly believe that we are living in the Apocalyptic Age, and that our time is running out. We are governed by the media (even if we do refuse to admit it to ourselves), and certainly the more popular press encourage us to concentrate on which film, TV or pop star says or does what, what Princess Di wore yesterday, or what photos of people sunbathing, with the inevitable caption 'Phew! — What a scorcher!' We need to re-educate our values, and this means more than just giving a few quid to Band Aid, but to think instead what we can do NOW to protect our future.

Jesus Christ only asked us to do two things: firstly, to love God, and secondly to love each other — these, He said, were the two most important Commandments — if we could concentrate on fulfilling them for only a percentage of the time, we should not have to worry about our future anyway, because we should be assured of it.

After saying all this, what more can I add, except to refer you to Romans 8:31, 'If God is for us who can be against us?' — certainly we should not allow ourselves to be conquered by fears of what our future may hold.

Yours faithfully

Mary-Louise Quick, Teddington

## BANNED AID

Dear Anybody,

When the mass hysteria of the Live Aid venture had died down and the people who weren't able to partake were now being questioned by those who did, something suddenly came to me. The Live Aid venture in my mind had paved the way to an even more horrific future. In times of population problems, where people starve and governments are building on every available land space — sending food and subsequently keeping people, who would have otherwise died, alive will only irritate the problem. However, people are disgusted when I mention that I don't agree with the Live Aid venture. They say that I don't care and that I like seeing children die, and yet by their naive actions they are going to cause more suffering.

Malthus' theory, which stated that when the population exceeds food reserves then a disaster will occur, proves my point. We must be near that point if nowadays people are beginning to starve. Nature looks after itself, and if that involves starvation then I'm afraid this must happen. Take the rabbits and foxes problem. When there are a lot of rabbits then there is plentiful food for the foxes and so the foxes increase in number. The increased number of foxes causes the rabbit population to decline, thus causing the fox population to decline due to lack of food. Once more we have an equilibrium between the two. If we take the rabbits as being food and the foxes as being population we are nowadays trying to increase the foxes while keeping the rabbits constant. It won't work. Man's biggest threat doesn't come from a nuclear holocaust but from a naive compassion which causes him to upset the balance of nature.

People say why can't we get rid of the surplus — I say what happens once we have no surplus and then have a bad year. The answer is starvation and we are back at square one again.



I hate seeing children die but I would hate it more if we caused an even bigger disaster by our food offerings.

**Alan Hawes, Isleworth**

We asked Rosalind Latto to reply, since your editor knows her. Rosalind's family is famous both in orthodox and homeopathic medicine. Rosalind's uncle, Dr Gordon Latto, is President of the Vegetarian Society of Great Britain.

Dear Mr Hawes,

I would disagree with you and will point out the two main reasons but not mention the moral aspects, which, you must admit, speak for themselves.

Firstly there is no lack of food on a worldwide basis. Between the USA and the EEC we have succeeded in producing a massive surplus in virtually every basic foodstuff which is sitting in mountains in warehouses, stored at the taxpayer's expense. And to be honest, it would take much more than one single bad year to bring the Western World to famine. With all our sophisticated chemicals etc. the chance of having a disastrous crop has been severely reduced.

Secondly, if you are seriously concerned about the possibility of food shortages on a worldwide basis perhaps you should consider how much better we might manage should we all become vegetarians. The amount of land required to graze animals which are due to be slaughtered for meat is immense. However, to produce the equivalent amount of grain for human consumption only about one tenth of the land is required. On this equation the potential for feeding a vegetarian world is great and there would be no problem with land space at all.

I must, therefore, finish by saying that we should certainly help starving populations with money and food as there is more than enough to go around. To talk about nature balancing itself when the world is so governed by 'unnatural' systems and techniques is naive and if we all became vegetarians there would be absolutely no chance of any future food shortage.

**Rosalind Latto, London**

## ENERGETIX

Dear Saz,

I am writing with reference to a letter in **strangled** 22, **When All Is Dead And War Is Over**.

I notice in the song **North Wind Blowing** the line 'I spend my time watching the ocean and waves are all I want to hear'. This line represents to me a view of an energy (or wave form) which gave peace of mind in a world of good and bad.

To move away from this for a moment, the quote Tavid Kirk used from Hugh Cornwell's article in **strangled** 19 which was that Hugh thought that anyone who is on the verge of death is going to think 'This is real pain, let's get it over with. There must be something better than this'. Don't they realise there is something after all this? A simple fact of physics is that energy cannot be destroyed but can only be moved from place to place, so at the end of our physical being there is still the energy that has to move to a new place or form to be used again in the universe.

So, in death do we really die or do we become part of the universe around us?

And who's going to say what energies are good and bad in relationship to time and space? I leave you, the reader, to ponder this in everything which is in our universe.

Forever and ever

**Mike Clauss, USA.**

## THE WOMEN-IN-WHITE

Dear SIS,

I came across a very strange album recently and I wonder if you've ever heard of it. It's called (wait for it) **The Gospel According To The Women In White!** Yes, that's what I thought. It's by some obscure American band called Inner Landscapes, and is, as you'd imagine, naff. I scanned it for Strangers' references but none availed themselves. So overcome by curiosity was I that I foolishly bought it (at a reduced rate, fortunately). I recommend no-one does the same.

The main reason I kicked myself into putting pen to paper is this: in the August issue of *Scootering* magazine, available in all good newsagents, will be a mega-long appreciative article about The Strangers, written by me (which is why it is so long). The editor said, 'I want a definitive article full of facts blah blah'. Well really, how could I do that? I did my best but naturally it turned out very, very long. Colossal in fact. I'm glad to say that he's promised not to edit it so it will be printed in its immensity. I thought I'd tell you — I didn't want to appear show-offy but it was either that or not writing and appearing supercilious. So, if you want to see the novelty of a long Strangers' article, actually coming out in their favour, in a different sort of magazine, there it will be.

**Richard Holland, Clwyd**

## STREET-CRED?

Dear SIS,

Did you know that in previous episodes of *Coronation Street* there was an **Aural Sculpture** LP in the rack and a **Feline** poster on the wall in The Cabin? I haven't seen them recently. Could Mavis and Rita be secret Strangers' fans, I wonder?!

**Dominic Coleman, Middlesbrough**

## WALLY-DAYS IN THE SUN

Dear Saz,

I've just got back from a week's holiday in the Lake District and I thought you might be interested to hear about a little gem I picked up. On a total wash-out of a day I read a book called 'Way Of The Wally'. This book, rather like a handbook of 'wally' possessions and behaviour, included items such as 'Wally Cars' eg Fiat Pandas, Skodas, Ladas and 'Wally Places to Go On Holiday' eg anywhere requiring a rucksack. It also included a list of current 'Wally Groups' including Sheena Easton, Shaking Stevens, Cliff Richard, and you've guessed it, to my horror, The Strangers! I wonder if the author had put our heroes' name in by mistake, instead of The Shadows perhaps? I can't imagine anyone in their right mind considering our black-clad foursome 'wally'. Still, all people can't think the way we do.

Bye for now

**Warren Foster, Rotherham**

## FRIEDREICH'S ATAXIA

Dear **strangled**,

Friends, Romans, Countrymen — lend me your ears!

I come to curry favour (again!) and also to thank those generous Stranglerphiles who sent in donations to the Research Into Friedrich's Ataxia fighting fund. I'm really touched (and no smart-arse quips please!). Seriously though, do remember that the Research project still has much work to do (like British Rail — they're getting there) so bear the fund in mind when you athletic types do your sponsored marathons, pub crawls, bath-tub races (hint, hint).

I'm sure you'll agree with me that we need to find out what's causing this genetic cock-up — then maybe we can arrive at some sort of preventative action.

Meanwhile, keep your donations flooding in to the Friedrich's Ataxia Group, Burleigh Lodge, Knowle Lane, Cranleigh, Surrey GU6 8RD.

Lots of love

**Jan Hart, Bury.**



Cartoon: Stephen Beaumont



# SMALL

**WANTED** concert photos from '77-85. Urgently wanted Spain/Punch & Judy Spanish import — your price paid. **FOR SALE** large quantity of interviews, photos and cuttings (photocopies). Will swap. Send sae for list. Is there anyone in Australia, New Zealand or Japan who would like to get in touch to write and exchange merchandise? **HELLO** to Dickie from Galashiels. If you're still there get in touch. Remember Reading festival on bus. Please contact Graham Robertson, 31 Abercorn Terrace, Portobello, Joppa, Edinburgh EH15 2DF.

**FOR SALE** Mutations' Mony Mony, Duchess/Raven (US), Sverige (Swedish), Bear Cage 12" with pic sleeve, white EP, E Female DJ play (two versions) and very rare No More Heroes 7" with wreath label. Boo Radley, 35 Windhill Road, Mansewood, Glasgow G43 2UL

**PUNKS** Are we a dying breed? Punk directory being compiled — information needed. Write to Martin Rees, 185 Pearl Street, Roath, Cardiff CF2 1RD.

**FOR SALE** Strangers' pamphlet No. 1, which contains unofficial list of Strangers' concerts I have compiled (seven pages, fourteen sides). 50p (overseas 3 IRCs) from G Holmes, 37 Old Manor Road, Rustington, Littlehampton, W Sussex BN16 3QS.

**FOR SALE** 5 Minutes £10, Nice 'n' Sleazy £8, No Mercy £6, LMDE/Ice Queen (pic) £12, No Mercy 12" (cassette) £4. All Australian. Prices include P&P. Also available: various imported LPs and tapes. Write to Roy Smith, 89 Heron Hill, Upper Belvedere, Kent DA17 5HJ.

**FOR SALE** Family (loveheart cover), Rain & Dole & Tea (promo), WWTW (UA promo), Mony Mony (pic), Heroes (wreath label), Duchess (USA), Pink EP, Harry (French), Spain (Spanish), Ear disc, Paradise (12" promo), Harry (12" Jap), WWTW (12" Jap), US Free EP, White EP, Raven 3D (with cartoon), Hope & Anchor LP, Black & White (US mottled vinyl), X-Cert (Jap gatefold + poster & single) and more. Strangers bomber jacket (small) £20. **ALSO** Hazel O'Connor: Breaking Glass (promo) Eighth Day (wrong label), Time (signed), Toyah and A.F.O.S., many rarities inc signed. **WANTED:** Any material on

the Immaculate Fools to swap or offers to: Andy Stokes, 96 Tamworth Road, Amington, Tamworth, Staffs B77 3BU. Send saes please.

**FOR SALE** Black & White LP £2.50, White EP £5 (together £7), Rattus Norvegicus LP £2.50, Freddie Laker single pic sleeve £3, Don't Bring Harry EP £2 or the lot for £12. All prices include P&P. Richard Stone, 7 Park Avenue, Fornham St Martin, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk IP28 6TW.

**WANTED** STRANGLED Vol 2 Nos 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11 & 13 and any photocopies of Vol 1. Will pay a very good price. Stuart, 193 Kirkmeadow, Bretton, Peterborough PE3 8JN.

**ARE THERE ANY MIBS/WIBS** 16+ anywhere in the world who would like to write to a 19 year old male Strangers' fan. Other groups I like are The Damned, New Model Army, The Cure and loads of other brilliant groups. Also are there any MIBS/WIBS in the North East who would like to write to me and meet to go to gigs etc. All letters answered. Please send photo if possible. Write to Sean Johnson, 15 Bowes Avenue, Easington Lane, Houghton-Le-Spring, Tyne & Wear DH5 0HQ.

**WANTED** 12" Midnight Summer Dream and 12" Paradise. Phone Jason on Hatherden (026475) 330. **HI** to Gary, Nick, John (Thanks for number 23) and John in Wolverhampton from Joel Fievet, Belgium.

**CALLING CHALLENGERS!** Wanted — photographs of meetings, buildings, trials and race. I will pay for reprints. Wig, 7 Livingstone Street, Consett, Co Durham Dh8 6LH (0207 506272). Also to the girl with the far away eyes — thanx for the great day — Your brother in arms.

**A THOUSAND THANK-YOUS** to everyone on the bath-tub trip. See you all next year! Saz.

**POLISH** Strangers' and Joy Division fan wishes to write to other fans in English, French, German, Russian or Polish. Maciek-in-Black, Baranski (Zubardzka 15M57), 91-022-LODZ, Poland.

**FOR SALE** Strangers' USA imports, many in mint condition. Offers to Steve, 24 Crossfield Road, Staple Hill, Bristol BS16 4SJ.

**TO MALES** into Clash, Strangers,

Damned, Buzzcocks etc wish to write to females with similar musical tastes for meetings, gigs etc. Write to Graeme and Liam, 1 Queensbury Cottages, Tanyard Lane, Chelwood, E Sussex RH17 7LX. **MINNIE** What happens when strawberries go out of season? Shall we share our carrots? Rabbit.

**ALONGSIDE** the raven flies the lover of darkness, but there is no slaughter in the air. Bobinblack.

**GIGANTIC COLLECTION** of all Strangers' albums, singles, imports, rarities, magazines, cuttings, posters and badges etc. for sale. All in excellent condition (fair prices). Send sae for full list to R Hunter, 23 Wesley Court, Cradley Heath, Warley, W Mids B64 6LQ.

**I'M LOOKING FOR** dedicated people in the Sheffield area who are interested and committed enough to start an Animal Liberation Front Activists group to help stop animals from being tortured and slaughtered. Anyone who would like information please contact Julian Skelton, 16 Butchill Avenue, Sheffield, S5 9DG, or phone (0742) 464079. Join me and save the animals.

**FOR SALE** LMDE 5 track with poster, Freddie Laker, 6 Songs (Greek import), No Mercy pic, Tits EP, Hope & Anchor double. Offers. **WANTED** Skin Deep 12", Euroman Cometh and JLNOE. Tel Selby (0257) 618727 after 6.30pm.

**AHEM — WANTED** any material ie books, tapes, records etc. on or about Lenny Bruce, as I'm trying to get something together in a show format based on Bruce's life!! (Smack a midget for Norm...) Rob Adams, 32 Sylvester Road, Leiston, Suffolk IP16 4BH. PS 'ello Nicola, Yves, Nathalie, John and Mumsy.

**MALE STRANGLERS FAN** (33) seeks girlfirend. More info and my photo provided for repliers. Write to 'Rube' 19 Cantley Gardens, Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex IG2 6QB or phone 01 554 3044.

**RECORDS FOR SALE** From Punk To Present, Pistols, Clash, Duran etc (no Strangers for sale). All mint condition (subject to availability). For list send sae to N Cranfield, 39 Doggetts Close, Rochford, Essex SS4 1ED. **WANTED** Girl From The Snow Country — good price paid. **LARGE STRANGLERS** record collection for sale. Many rare records. Send sae for list. Also

posters and badges. Kevin Bateman, 24 Ribblesdale, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP2 5TS.

**MALE STRANGLERS FAN** (16) seks girl pen-pal of around same age. More info and photo given to repliers. Write to Andrew Dickinson, 7 Medway, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs PR1 0JL.

**FOR SALE** Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival (K66077). Very good condition. £14 ono. Mark Hugman, 38 Mytchett Farm, Mytchett Road, Mytchett, Camberley, Surrey GU16 6AB.

**FOR SALE** LPs (heavy metal) UFO Strangers In The Night (double live album — mint) £5, Iron Maiden LP (on EMI — good cond) £2.50, Saxon Eagle Has Landed — (good cond) £2. **SINGLES** Gillan Restless (no cover — never played) 75p, Judas Priest Breaking The Law (gatefold — fair) 50p, Judas Priest Hot Rockin' (pic sleeve — fair) 50p, Judas Priest Take On World (no pic — good cond) 50p, Iron Maiden Sanctuary (no sleeve — good) 75p, Saxon Never Surrender (pic — mint) £1, Saxon Wheels Of Steel (mispressing "Motorcycle Man" on B side — mint) £1.50. P&P for 12" — £1 + 25p thereafter. P&P for 7" — 40p + 10p thereafter. Phone Lye 6354 or write to Paul Underhill, 29 Brackendale Way Stourbridge, West Midlands DY9 7HG.

**FOR SALE** rare Clash collection including imports, promos and very rare US photographer's promo photographs. All in mint condition. Write for list to Warren Davies, 14 Gernons, Basildon, Essex, or Tel Basildon 282679.

**SWAPS** Irish Strangers' pressings available (singles and LPs). Will swap for exciting foreign pressings, demos or any other interesting Strangler discs. Irish pressings are not similar to British pressings and make good additions to any collection. All the details are available from Neil Horgan, 14d Belfield Court, Donnybrook, Dublin 4, Eire. **HELLO** To Dave, Neil, Rowan, Stephen, Duncan, Bernard and Robert (all still in black I hope). Please keep in touch. Mick-in-black, Dublin.

**FOR SALE** Strangers' Australian tour '85 posters in full colour (37" x 26") or swap for other Strangers items. Contact David-in-black, 1/8 Todd Street, Merrylands 2160, NSW, Australia.

**TO JEFFREY GALE** Yes, you! I love ya lots. Ade x.

**PIC COVERS WANTED** for Peaches, Bear Cage 12", Thrown Away and JLNOE. Jon Leeming, 64 The Firs, Daventry, Northants NN11 5PX.

**FREE** Strangers' rarities. Please send sae to Ally Mayhew, 89 Weldon Crescent, High Heaton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE7 7JB, or phone (091) 2665431. Also, is anybody interested in going to local gigs? Hello to Willie Miller — no longer in black. Am I the only Strangers' fan in Newcastle?

**WANTED** Strangers' fans to come on the next British tour in a van. Four Peasants who want a good



time and who will shout out for songs from School Mam to Ice Queen. For more details write to Shaun Oliver, 5 Lea Road, Ravenshead, Nottingham NG15 9EG

**FOR SALE** 'Class of '77' press cuttings, reviews/interviews from The Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Damned, Siouxsie, The Jam and Elvis Costello. These are original cuttings from NME, Sounds etc circa 1977-79. £1 + 50p P&P per batch of ten different. State if all same group wanted or mixed selection. Cheques/POs made payable to P A Edwards, 8 East Side Rows, Cwmillery, Abertillery, Gwent NP3 1LJ.

**HELLO** to Popper and Pigeon! TLF waste Stour!

**JEZ AND VICKY** wish to announce the birth of baby Amber — Hythe 24.4.86

**WE'RE BOTH** the same, 'cos we're bloody different and 'cos we eat cream crackers without butter. Badder than the Meinhof.

**WHEN** it goes off, watch it. It did go off but no-one could watch it. Behave.

**STRANGLERS'** 45s, pic sleeves, freebies, LPs, inc Euroman and 3D Raven, cassettes, Celia and also some Devo. Send sae to Max, 19 Verney Close, West Howe, Bournemouth, Dorset BH11 8DD

**CALLING ALL STRANGLERS' FANS** everywhere. I want you to write to me because I'm bored. I want to correspond with fellow Strangers fans — male or female — and maybe swap or sell merchandise and records. Get pen to paper and make the best move you'll ever make. **ALSO FOR SALE** large collection of albums and 7" and 12" singles. Groups include Human League, Adam and the Ants,

Frankie, OMD, Ultravox, Captain Sensible, Trio and many more. Albums only £2 each, 12" singles £1.50 and 7" singles £1. All pic sleeves and all good condition. Will swap for Strangers' posters or any interesting Strangers' material. For details write to Jools-in-black, 16 Butchill Avenue, Sheffield, S Yorks S5 9DG, or phone (0742) 464079 after 5pm.

**WANTED** Posters: Devo, Ramones, Dead Kennedys, SLF and Elvis Costello. Also Strangers' posters: Raven promo, La Folie promo and photo of band playing on stage. LPs: Rattus '77 original on UA with inner sleeve, Rattus '77 UA cassette inlay card only, Euroman with inner sleeve, Euroman cassette and La Folie original LP on Liberty. 7"s: JLNOE, WWTW, Grip, Peaches, No More Heroes, Something Better Change, 5 Minutes, Strange Little Girl, Rain & Dole & Tea, Freddie Laker and White Room. Also Elvis Costello LP Armed Forces with inner sleeve. All must be in mint/very good condition. 7"s must be in pic sleeves. Included P&P with Recorded Delivery price. Paul Underhill, 29 Brackendale Way, Stourbridge, W Mids DY9 7HG

**HIYA** to Tracy-in-black in Dartford from Stewart-in-black in Bangor. Hope to see you again on the next tour.

**STEVEN-IN-BLACK** Did you meet up with Jane? Yours hopefully, Brian-in-black (Sorry about the PIL album.)

**JULIAN** All those wave lengths! Ruthinblack. (Sam Holliday you playboy!!)

**DAMNED FANS** Write to The Flashman Society, PO Box 19, Brentford, Middx TW8 0TW.

# ADS

**FOR SALE** Fire & Water (cassette) £3 inc P&P, Damned Lovely Money (Italian) £2.50. **WANTED** inner sleeve for Nosferatu, White Room single (with pic sleeve) and Strangers IV album (good condition). Write to Jim, 6 Thomasmuir Avenue, Glasgow.

**POP GROUP** forming in Devon area. Based on Strangers, Damned, Ramones, etc. Write/phone Lu Lumber, 11 Burrow Hill, Plymouth, Devon PL9 9LF Tel (0752) 491073. No talent required. Ages 17-13.

**FOR SALE** You Better Believe Me and Bear Cage 12" — both in ex/mint cond. Offers to Jez (0703) 899302.

**DEAR DAVE** Remember that I had my shoes first — Nik.

**DEAR NIK** Remember that I made you both buy them — Pam.

**FOR SALE** Hope & Anchor (double play cassettes) 5 copies (unplayed/mint) — £10 each. Write to Denis, 73 St Augustine Street, Taunton, Somerset, or phone Yeovil (0935) 27545.

**WANTED** copies or photocopies of STRANGLED Vol 1 and Vol 2 Nos 2, 3, 5, 7, 11 and 13. Please contact Steve, 24 Crossfield Road, Bristol BS16 4SJ.

**T.M.T.L.H.** — No 2 — Black friend of the night/All that I'm offering's the heart, that's all I have to give/You either love or you despise/When we put a foot wrong do we learn from all the pain/If only you could freeze-frame a moment there/When all is said and all is over, when all is just a memory/For I'll be with you someday, fond adieux but never say goodbye. P.O.T.S. — No.1.

**IAN BLOOD'S LUNCH:** The beans won't go on his head. Better watch out for the beans, Ian.

**WANTED URGENTLY** Nosferatu and Euroman tapes. Your price paid. Write to Paul, 37 Foster Road, Frome, Somerset BA11 1NY.

*All small ads are placed free, but as we can't check them out, you reply at your own risk!*

*continued from page 27*

everyday life turning into Masters-at-Arms at weekends! It's dangerous, you know I got 'killed' about five times! I was just kind of wandering around with people touching me and saying, 'You're dead, you're dead!' So I just stayed in the refreshments tent!"

Are they historical re-enactments? Do they stick rigidly to the plot, as it were?

"Very rigidly indeed. They make all their own weapons and clothes. There's this one bloke called The Bodger who makes things like muskets that actually fire. He was very interesting because the degree of craftsmanship was impressive. But I don't think I'll be going again!"

Well, being killed five times would be enough to put anyone off.

Having ascertained from the moment this all began that Glenn likes the odd bevvy or two, I wasn't much surprised when Paul asked him what he thought of the local pubs.

"There are loads of them, ranging from ones full of old men and chessboards to ones with distinct undercurrents of danger!"

Glenn has the distinction of being banned from three pubs, one in Staines because he was wearing a kilt. When Paul asked what was wrong with wearing a kilt, he swiftly replied, "You obviously haven't seen my legs!" Because of fear of criminal action Glenn refused to say anything about the second, and the third he was thrown out of but subsequently invited back. I'll let Glenn

explain.

"There was a bouncer there and apparently I'd strayed into the restaurant part. I was wandering about and singing a song about goblins when this bloke came and grabbed me in the back of my hair and he was throwing me out of the pub, and I was saying, 'Well, this is really good, you know your job, this is excellent bouncership!' He obviously had an 'A' level in bouncership. He had the back of my hair and he was going for the seat of my trousers, and I said, 'Oh, and he's got the seat of my trousers and, oh, I'm out. I'm out and I'm on the pavement, that's fantastic! Wonderful!' And the next day I was passing through there and he invited me in and bought me a drink, 'cos he obviously appreciated somebody who knew craftsmanship!"

**"He obviously had an 'A' level in bouncership."**

So what does the future hold for you, Glenn?

"Well, 2000 AD has about four more years to live and after that I hope to interest the Americans because that's where the big bucks are. American comic-strip artists all have private helicopters and I've also always wanted to own a private helicopter!" Who knows, maybe he'll employ Dave to fly it for him?

And is life as you imagined it would be when you were six or seven years old?

"No, not at all. I always wanted life to be exactly like the movies. People these days are brought up on a diet of old movies on TV and they expect to be Errol Flynn or someone like that, and I always expected myself to be cast in a romantic, heroic mould and find some girl and whisk her off on a ship somewhere."

And ride off to your happy ending?

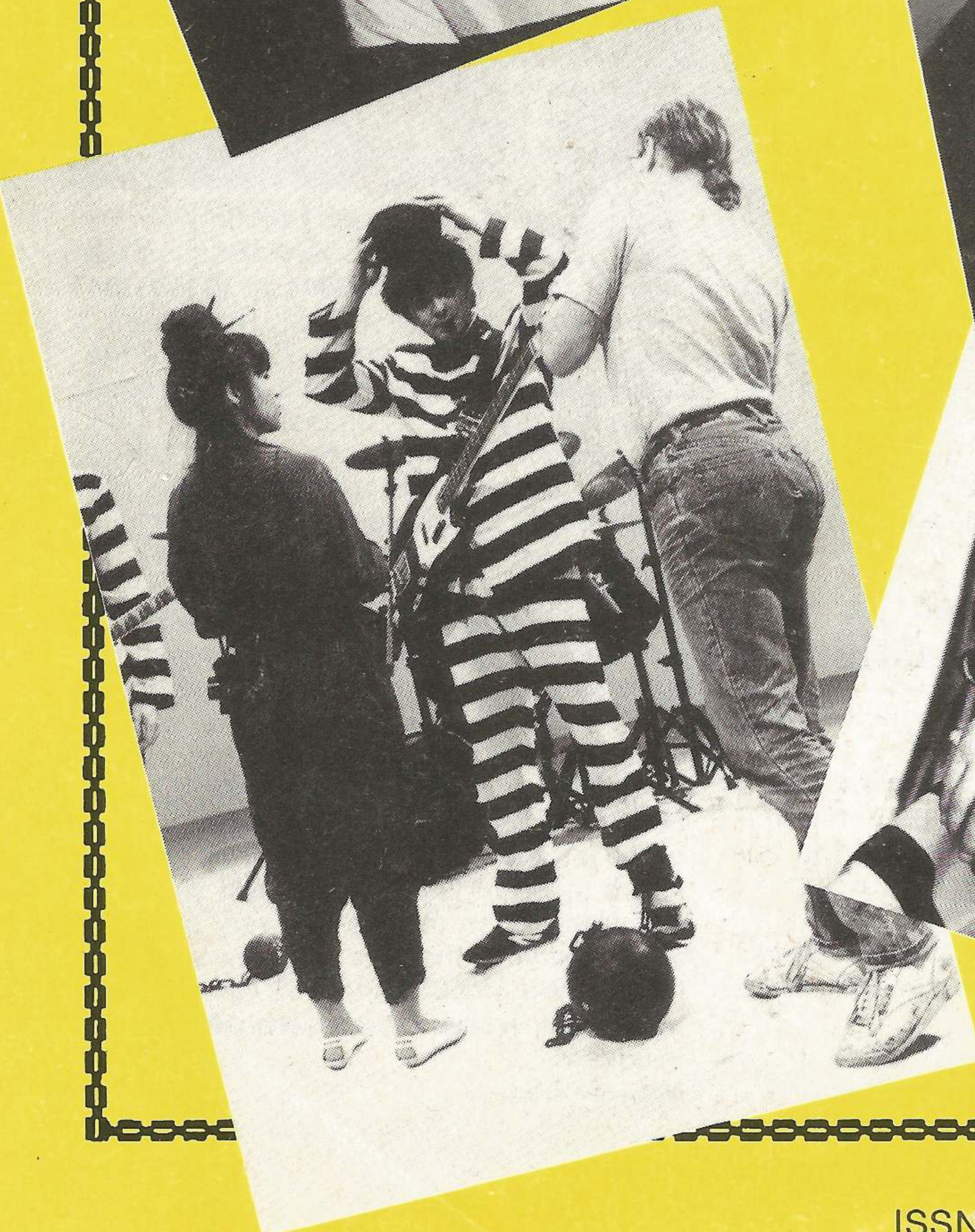
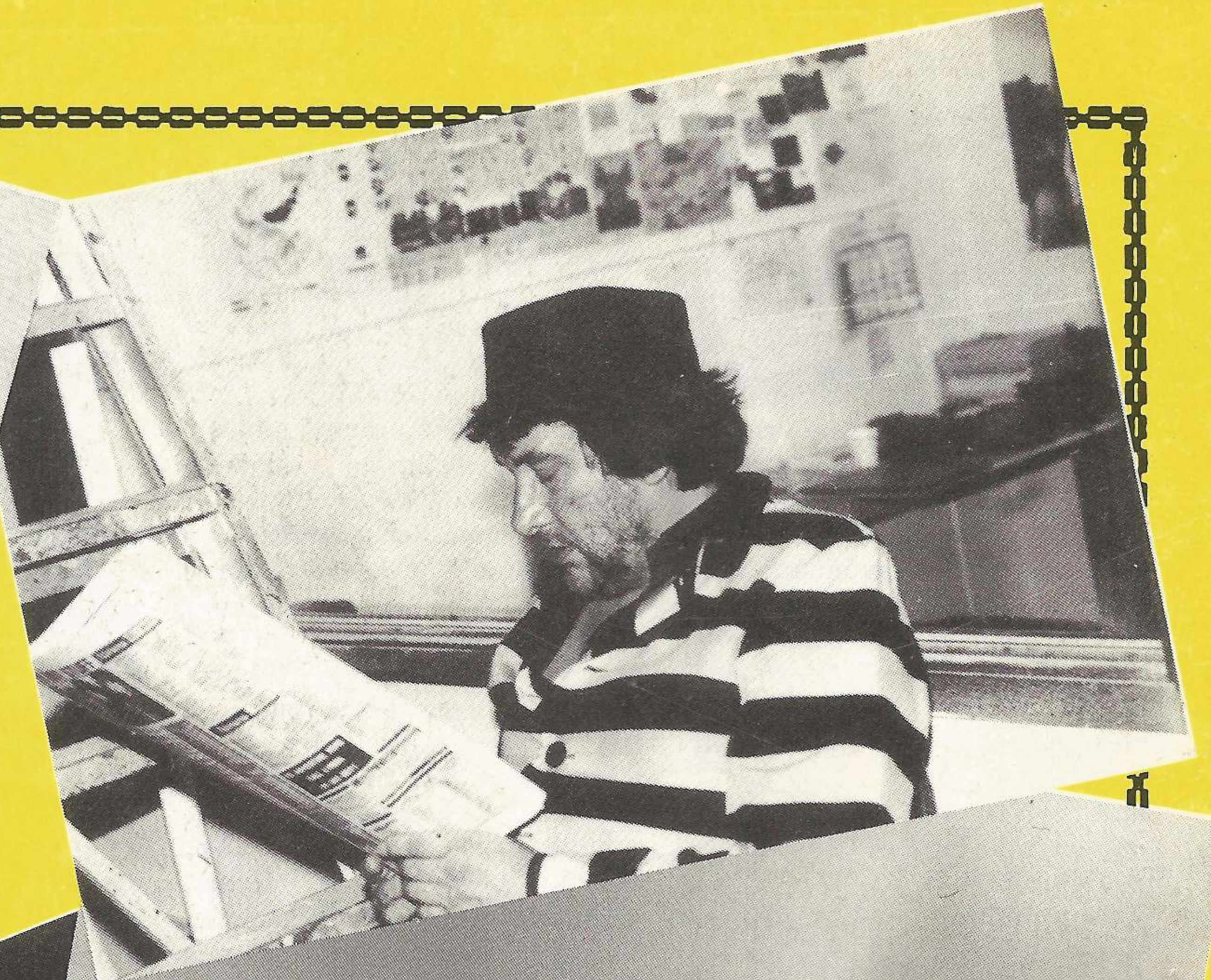
"Yeah, that's right. I was very disappointed when I found out it wasn't so. It was an awful blow to me."

'Can life be like the movies?' is one of the great unanswered questions which I shall leave exactly that — unanswered.

Our interview ended here and Glenn disappeared to make us coffee while Nik prepared for the photo-session and I made my feeble excuses about not being photographed which went unheeded. Fear not, however, *strangled* reader. I've made him a more than generous offer for the negatives, so you should be spared that. So I made my way back home with a cassette of conversation, a rather empty notebook and a head full of questions I was now dying to ask. Isn't it always the case when it's too late? I needn't have worried about meeting Glenn. I was left with the firm impression that he is a very talented young man and that this interview won't be his last. Watch out world, you've had Jack-in-Black, now prepare yourselves for Glenn-in-Green!

**Nichola Still**





Photos: Norman Marks